NO. 17

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The DEERSLAYER

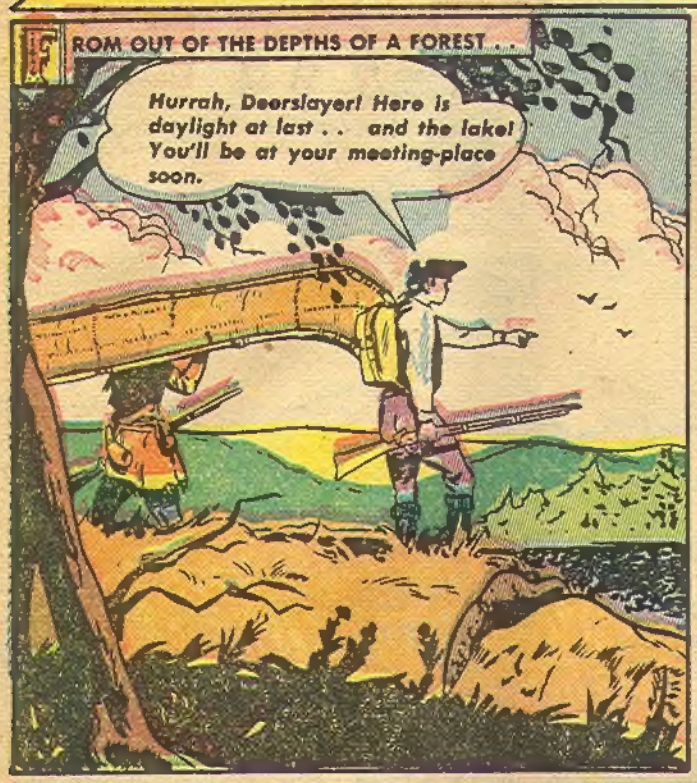
by JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

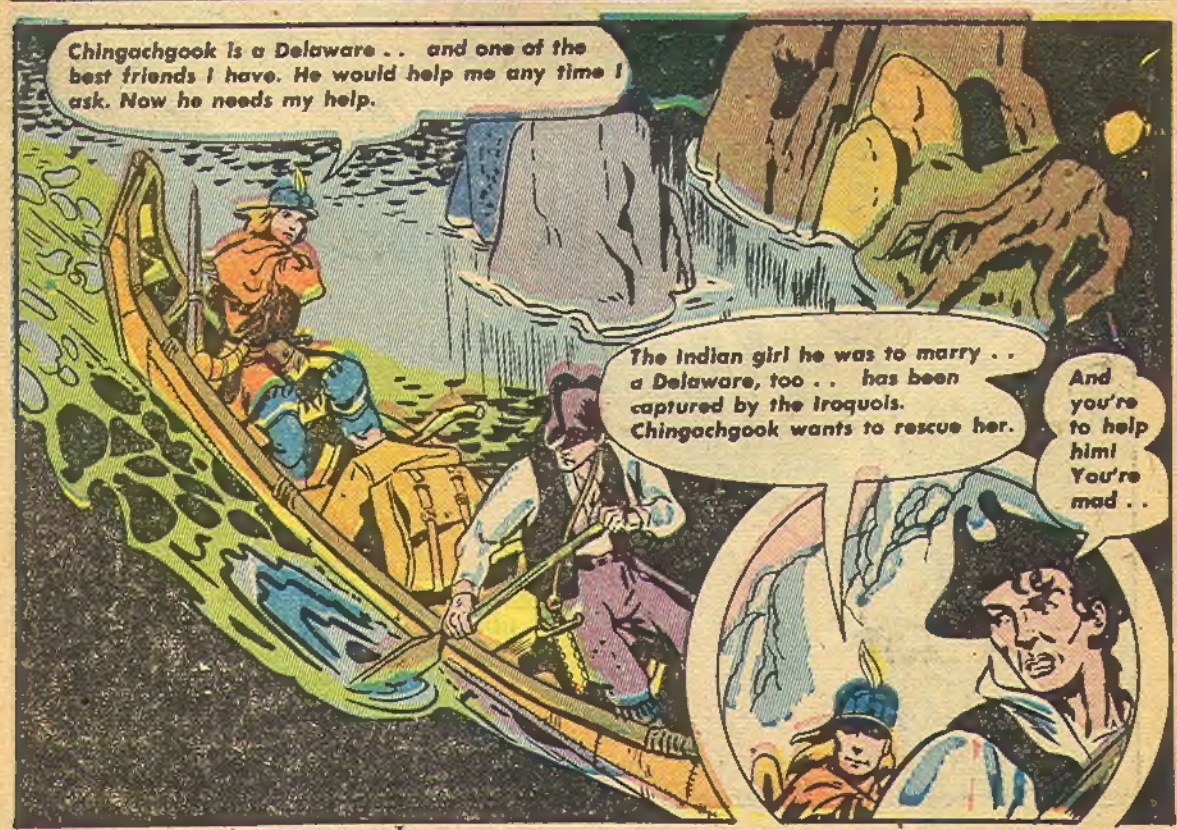
Illustrated by
ZANSKY

Story Adaptation by
EVELYN GOODMAN

IN UPPER NEW YORK STATE, ALONG THE HUDSON AND MOHAWK RIVERS, THE WARLIKE IROQUOIS INDIANS WERE RAMPAGING . . . SCALPING, PILLAGING, MASSACRING THE WHITE MAN WHO WAS TRYING TO MAKE A HOME IN THE WILDERNESS THAT WAS PART OF AMERICA . . AMERICA . . IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. . .

one : MUSKRAT CASTLE





. . mad to help any Indian . . Not one of them is a white man's friend.
Chingachgook is MY friend.

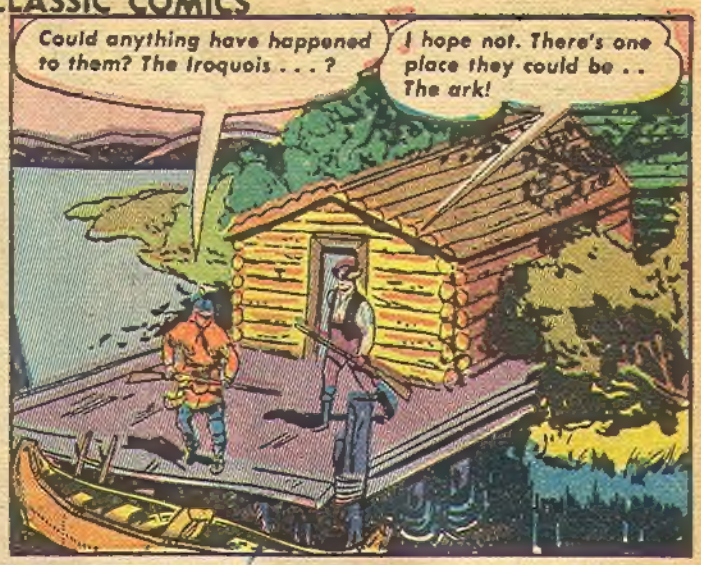
You're too trusting, Deerslayer . . Ah, there it is!
What is it, Harry? . . What's that on the lake?

You're new-to these parts . . or you'd know. That's Muskrat Castle owned by old man Hutter . . Floating Tom he's called.

He was burned out by the Indians so many times that he decided to live on a lake. Come on. Let's pay him a visit.

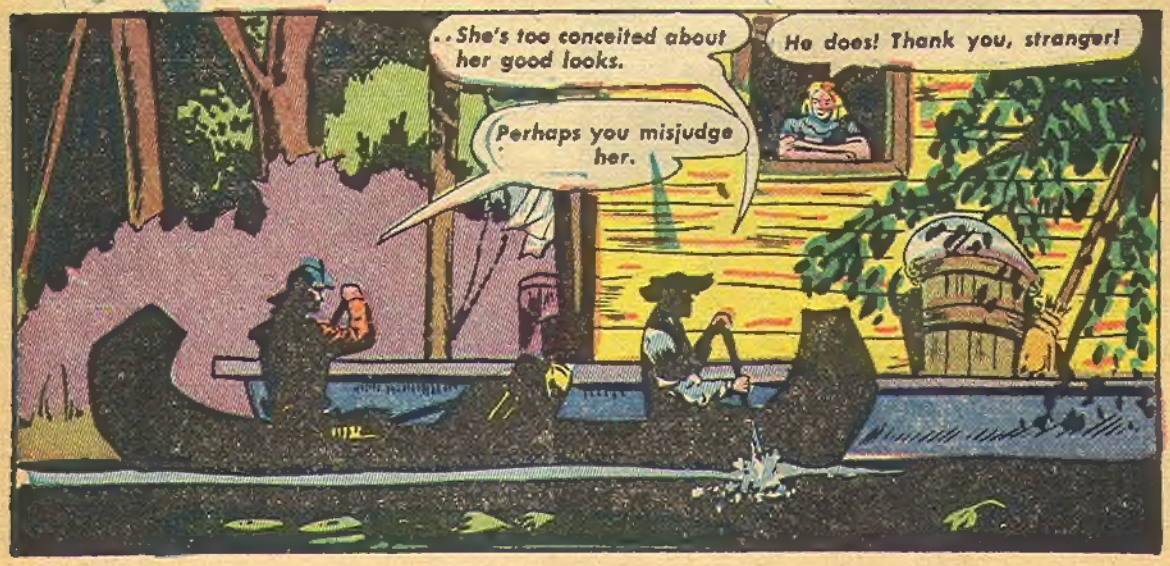
Judith, one of his daughters, is the most beautiful gal you ever want to see.
Aha . . So SHE'S the little lady you want to visit!

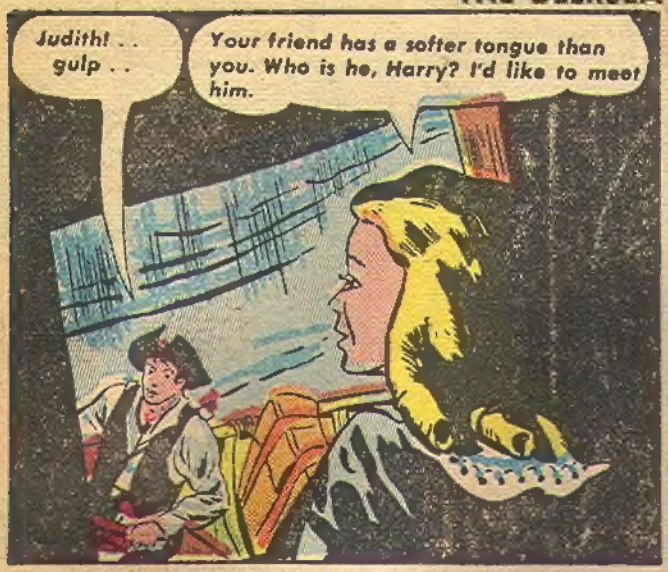
Anyone in there? It's me . . Harry!
Not a sound in there . . .


Could anything have happened to them? The Iroquois . . . ?
I hope not. There's one place they could be . . The ark!

The ark? What's that?
It's a floating boat they live on sometimes . . Ha . . there it is!

What's this about you and Floating Tom's daughter, Judith? You love the gal?
Her! I have better sense . .

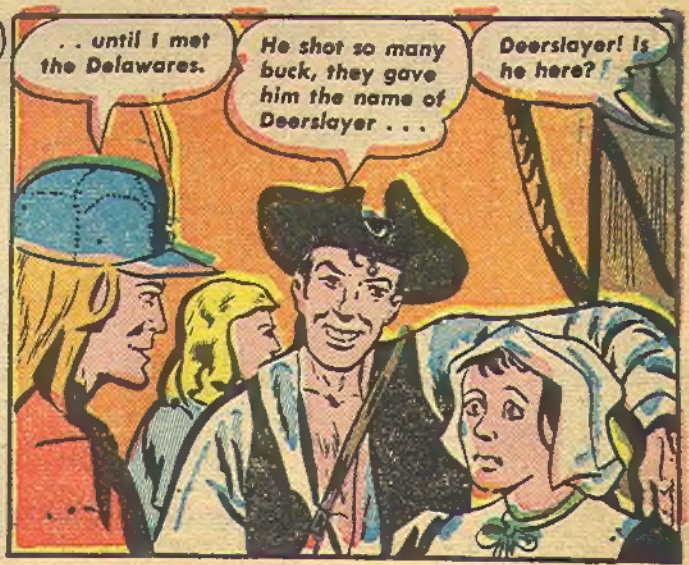

. . She's too conceited about her good looks.
Perhaps you misjudge her.
He does! Thank you, stranger!


Judith! . . gulp . .
Your friend has a softer tongue than you. Who is he, Harry? I'd like to meet him.

This lad is Deerslayer . . .
Deerslayer! I've heard of you. They say you're one of the best shots in the country.

Deerslayer is a crack shot at buck . . . but he hasn't been in much Indian fighting yet . . Ha, here comes Hetty, the feeble-minded.
Sh . . that's no way to talk!

I don't mind. I KNOW I'm feeble-minded. Everyone says so. Is your name really Deerslayer?
No. I was Nathaniel Bumpo..

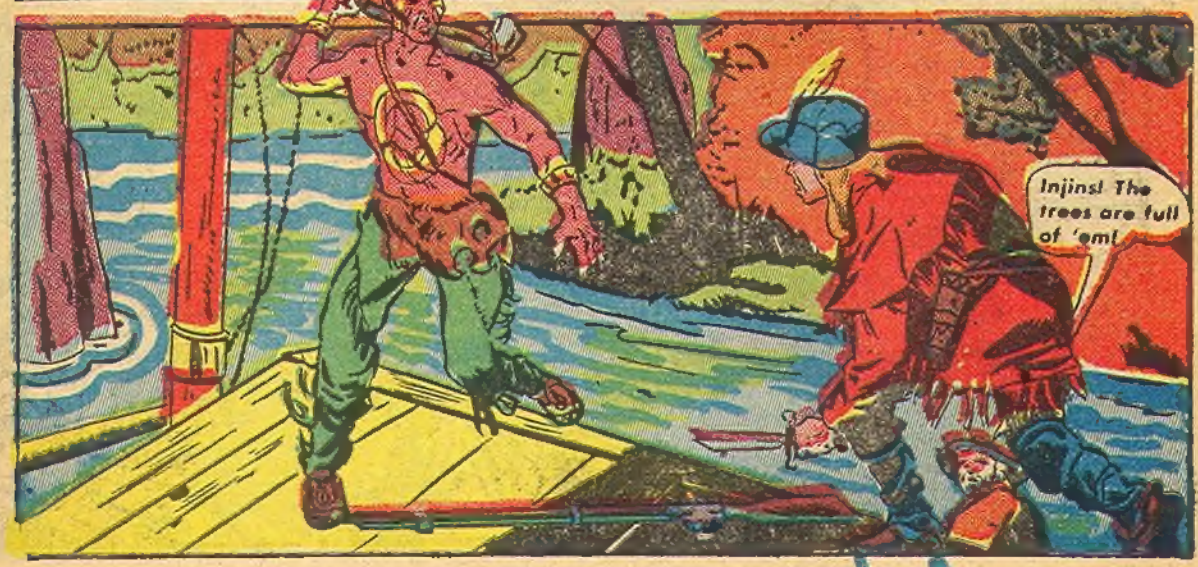

. . until I met the Delawares.
He shot so many buck, they gave him the name of Deerslayer . . .
Deerslayer! Is he here?

I'm sure glad to meet you. With you and big Hurry Harry here, my darters'll be a lot safer. Injins are lurkin' nearby. .

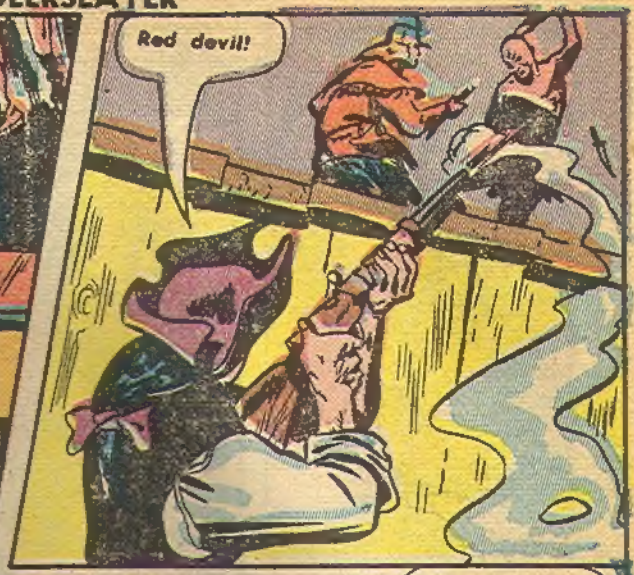
..I found this moccasin on a swamp trail a few yards down . . . where I was trappin'.
Iroquois . . all right!
Let's get out fast! There's little time!

Pull! Pull! We've got to get into open water.
Lucky thing we took the canoes on board!

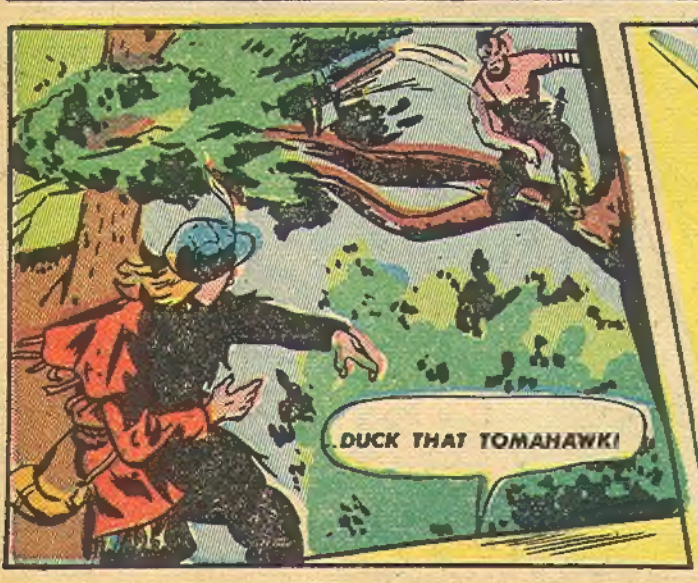
These Injins ain't got canoes . . I looked around . . We'll be clear in a minute.
Maybe not! LOOK OUT!


Injins! The trees are full of 'em!

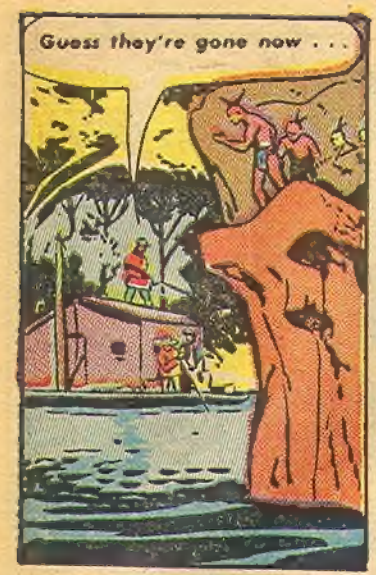
Try swimming back!

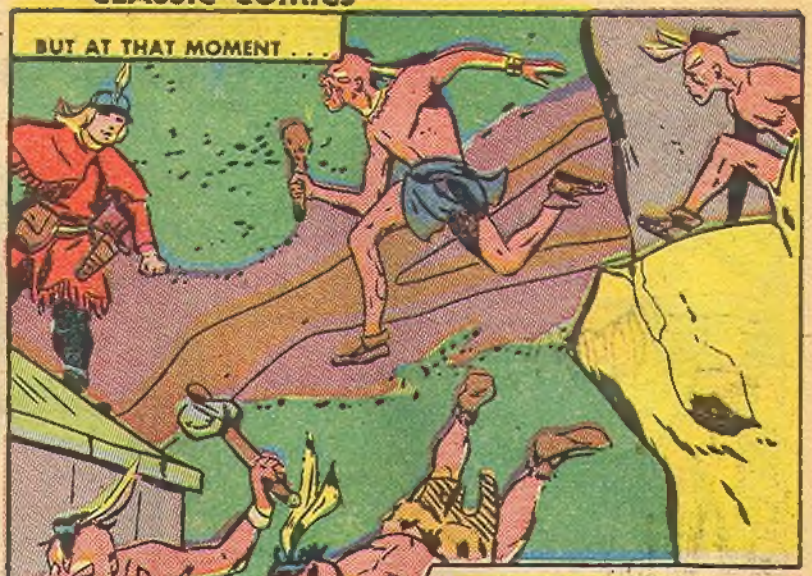

Red devil!

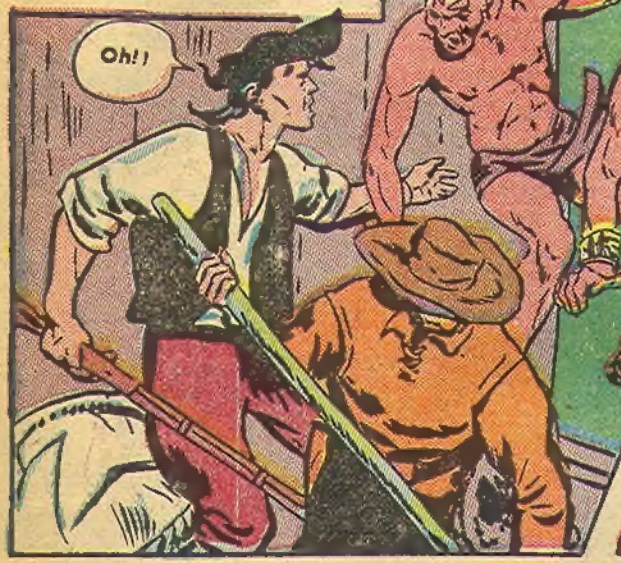
Any more of 'em looking for trouble . . ?
Deerslayer . . LOOK OUT! .


DUCK THAT TOMAHAWK!

WHY?


Guess they're gone now . . .

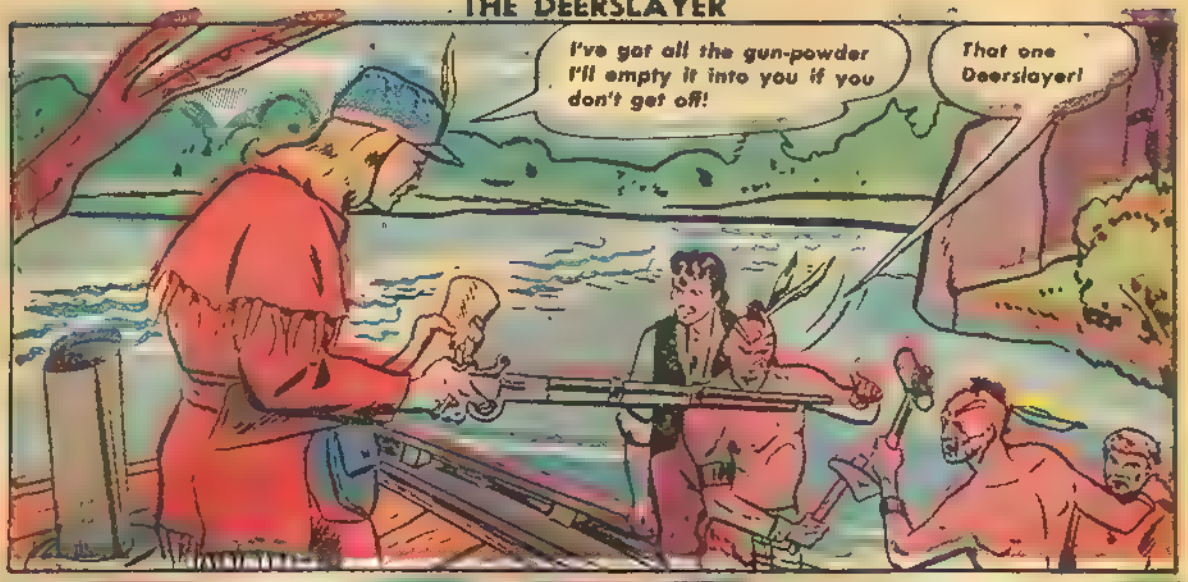

BUT AT THAT MOMENT . . .

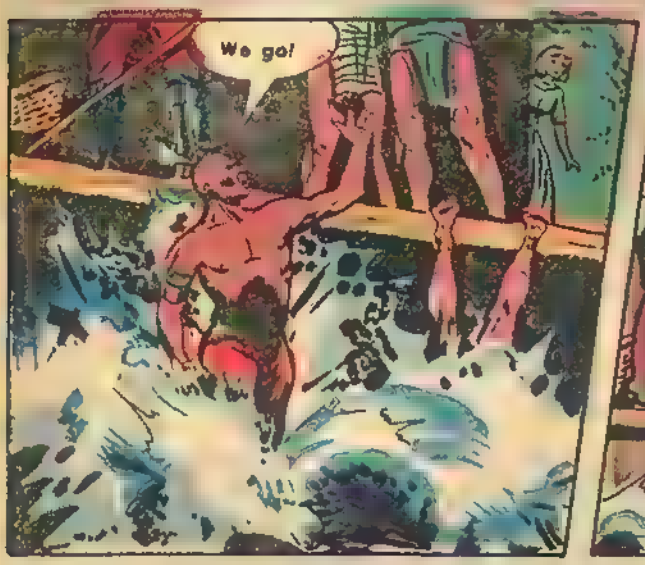

Oh!!

BEFORE A SHOT CAN BE FIRED . .
Ow!

We kill you . . Ugh . . .

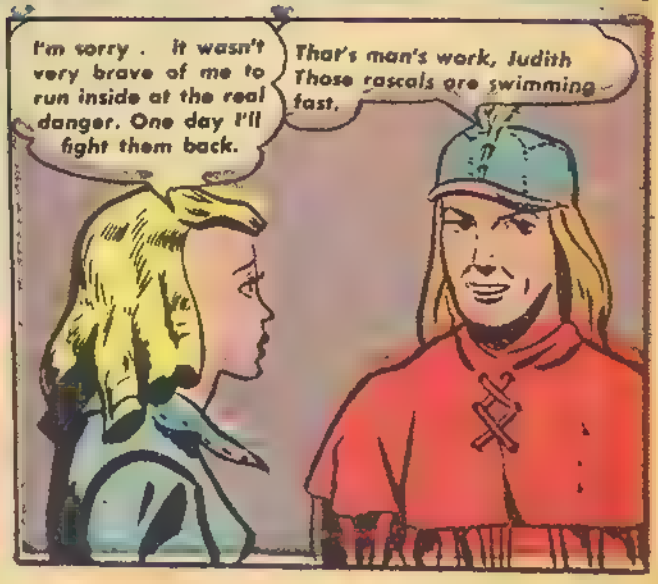
You won't get a chance to!

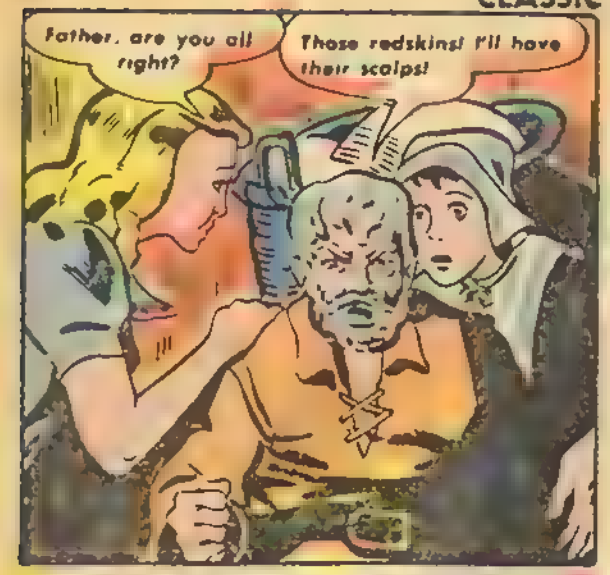

I've got all the gun-powder I'll empty it into you if you don't get off!
That one Deerslayer!


We go!

And that goes for the pair of you, too!

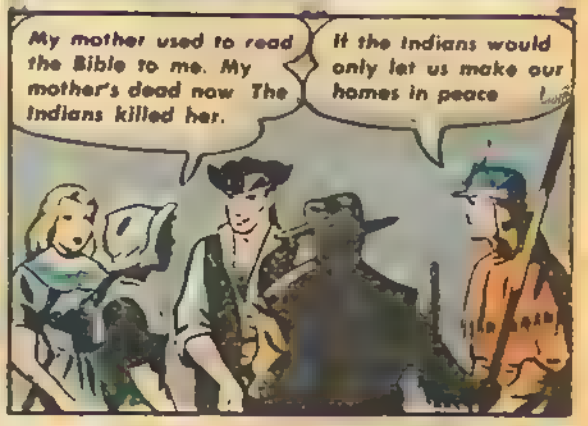
Get off . . you!
Judith!

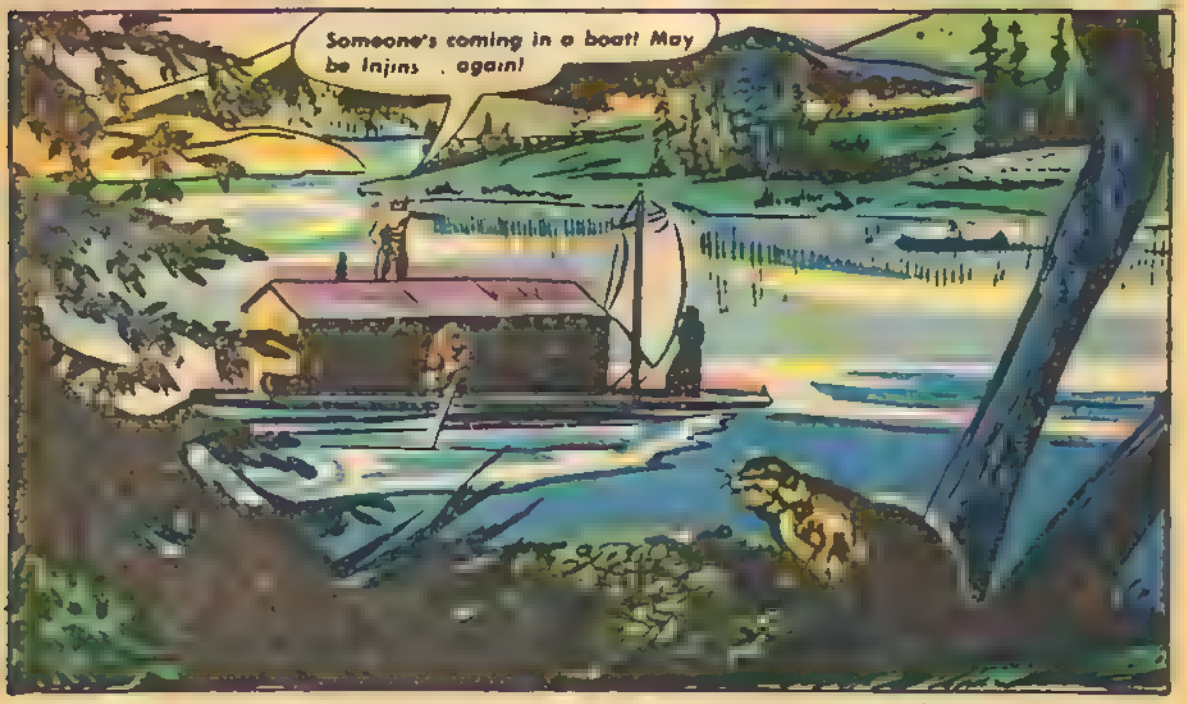

I'm sorry . It wasn't very brave of me to run inside at the real danger. One day I'll fight them back.
That's man's work, Judith Those rascals are swimming fast.

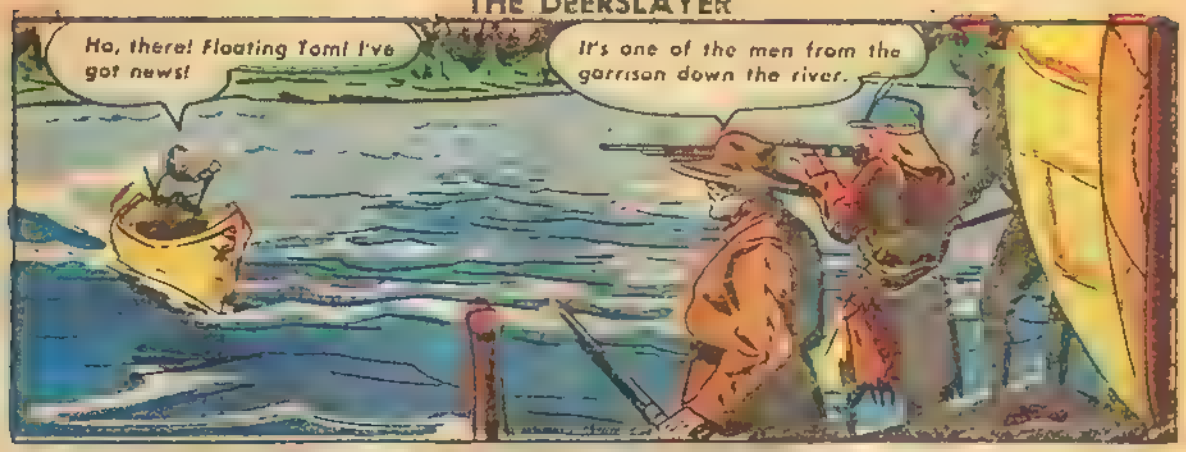

Father, are you all right?
Those redskins! I'll have their scalps!

Why didn't you kill 'em, Deerslayer?
Letting those devils get away!
I might as well save bullets unless I can't help it

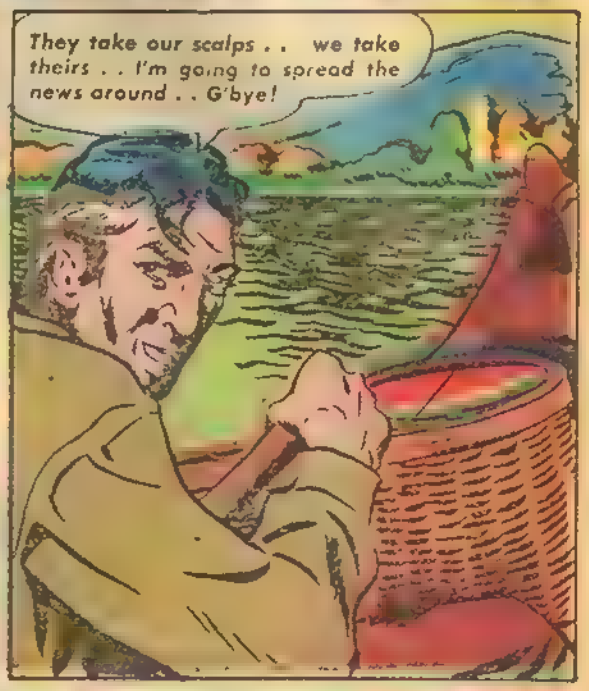
The Bible says: "Thou Shalt Not Kill" . . .
Kill or be killed, my poor darter . . Well, we oughter get to the Castle

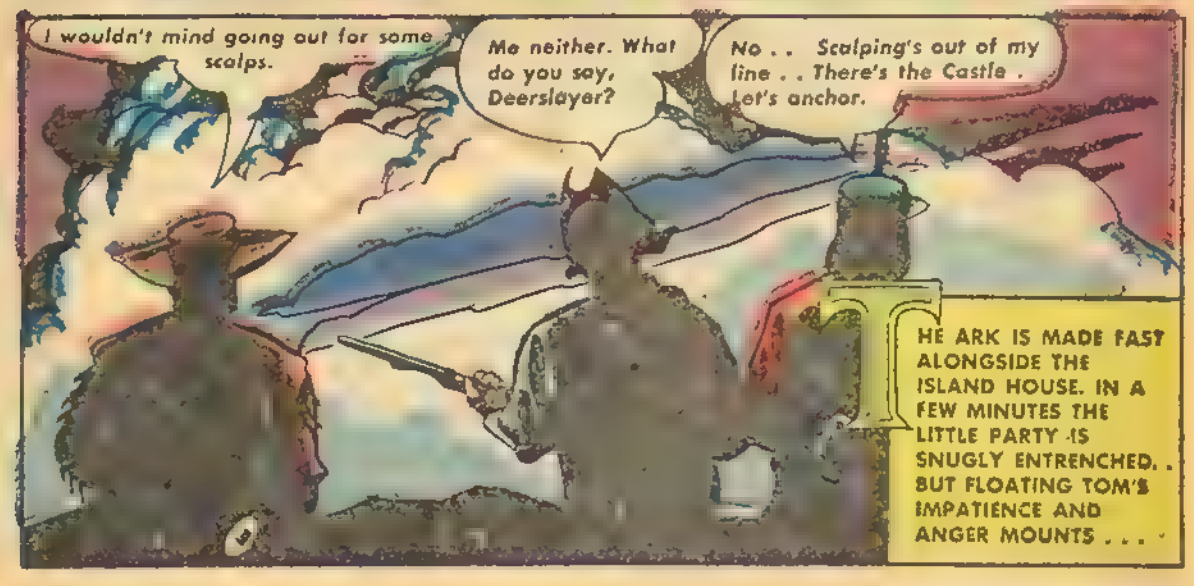

My mother used to read the Bible to me. My mother's dead now The Indians killed her.
If the Indians would only let us make our homes in peace

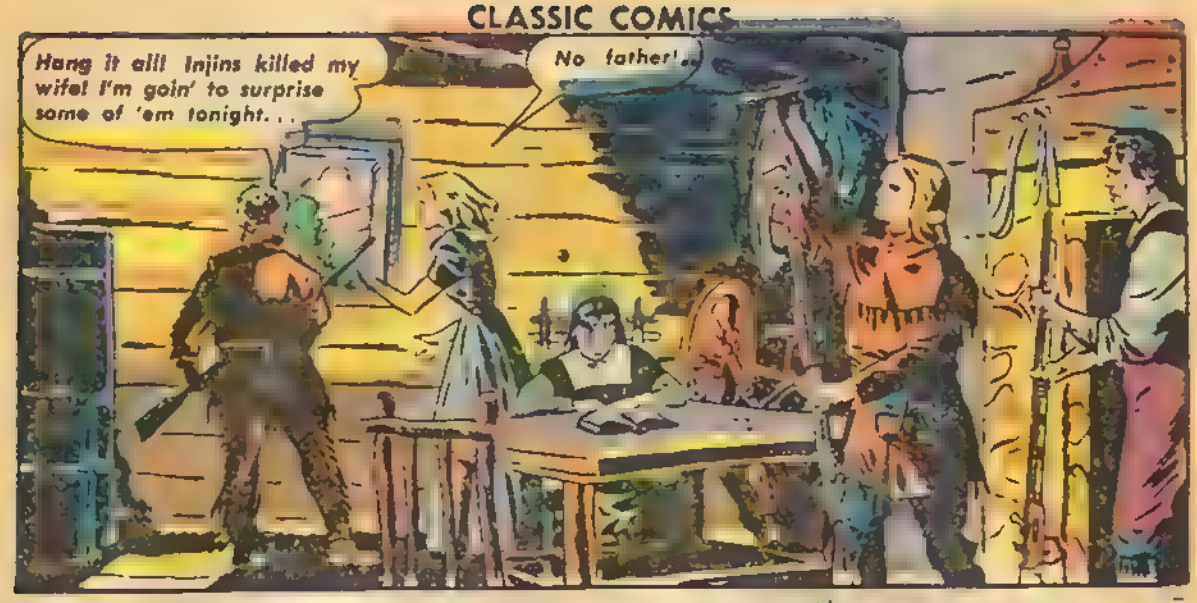

Someone's coming in a boat! May be Injins . again!

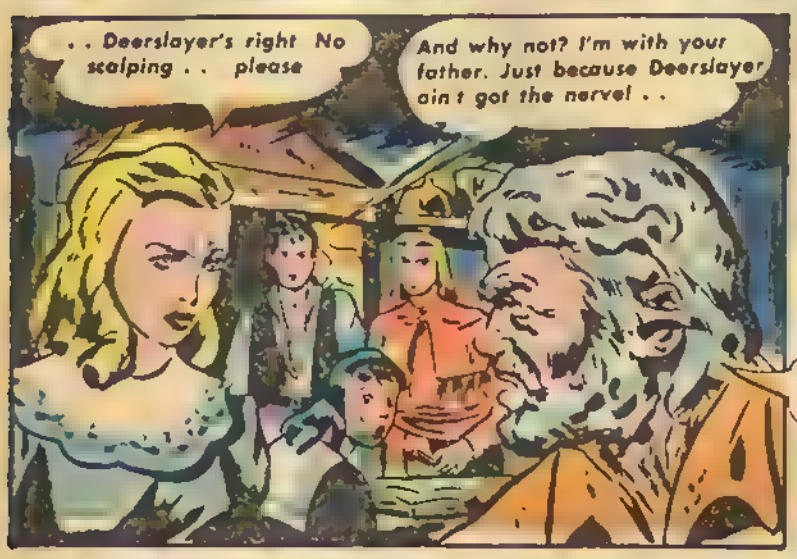

Ho, there! Floating Tom! I've got news!
It's one of the men from the garrison down the river.

The Governor's raised the price on Indian scalps. Fifty pounds for each scalp you get.
That's some money!
It sure is!

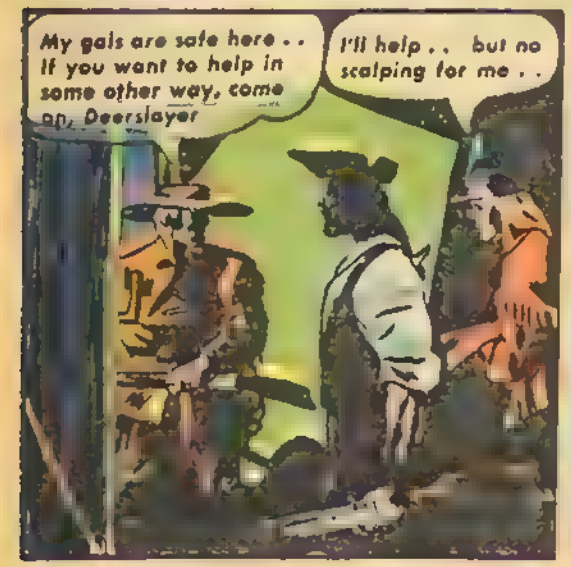

They take our scalps . . we take theirs . . I'm going to spread the news around . . G'bye!


I wouldn't mind going out for some scalps.
Me neither. What do you say, Deerslayer?
No . . Scalping's out of my line . . There's the Castle . Let's anchor.
HE ARK IS MADE FAST ALONGSIDE THE ISLAND HOUSE. IN A FEW MINUTES THE LITTLE PARTY IS SNUGLY ENTRENCHED. . BUT FLOATING TOM'S IMPATIENCE AND ANGER MOUNTS . . .


Hang it all! Injins killed my wife! I'm goin' to surprise some of 'em tonight. . .
No father! . .

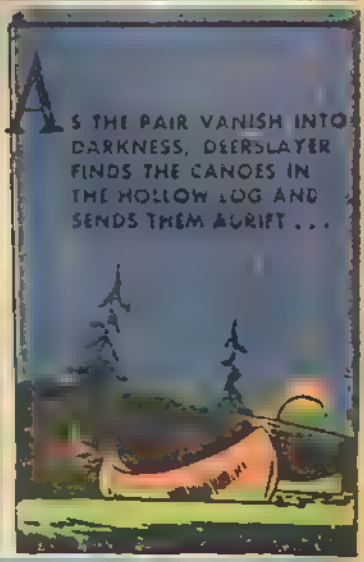

. . Deerslayer's right No scalping . . please
And why not? I'm with your father. Just because Deerslayer ain't got the nerve! . .

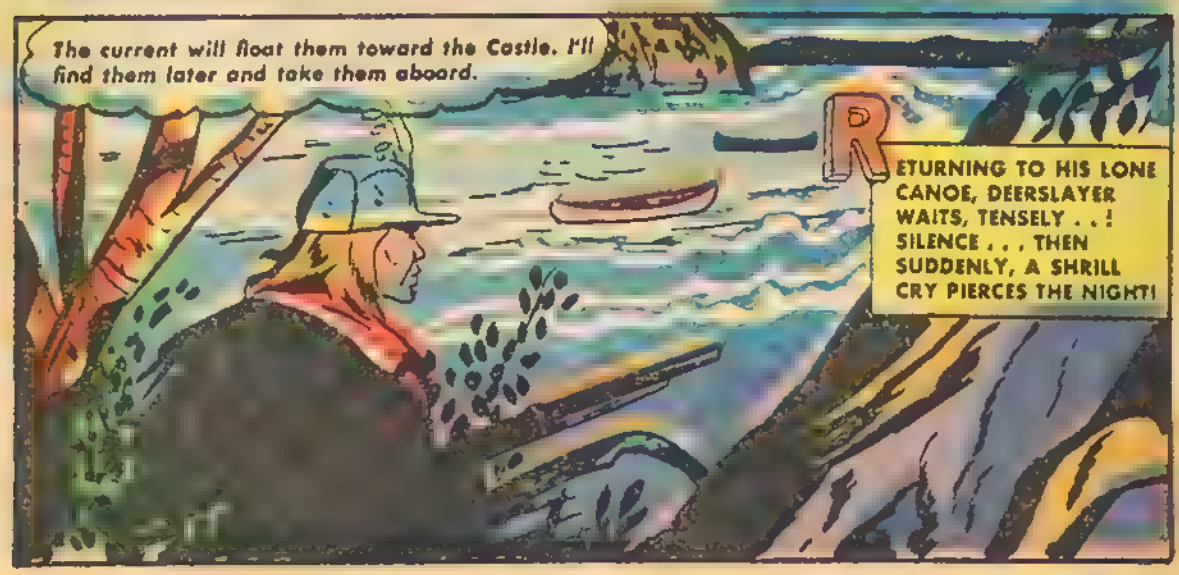
It's not lack of nerve. Scalping is the savage way . . not the white man's . . Our way is to be civilized.
Blaaah! I'm goin'!


My gals are safe here . . If you want to help in some other way, come on, Deerslayer
I'll help . . but no scalping for me . .

I got two canoes hid in a hollow log on shore. Send 'em adrift, so the Injins don't get 'em.
I'll do more than that . .

THE DEERSLAYER

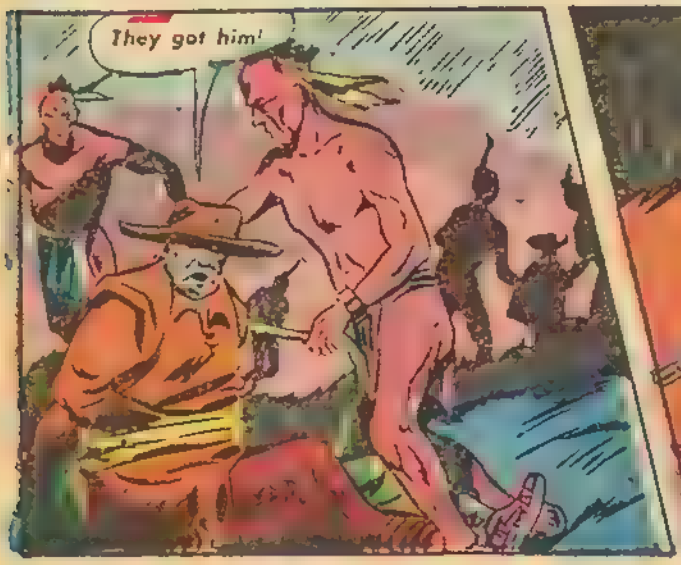


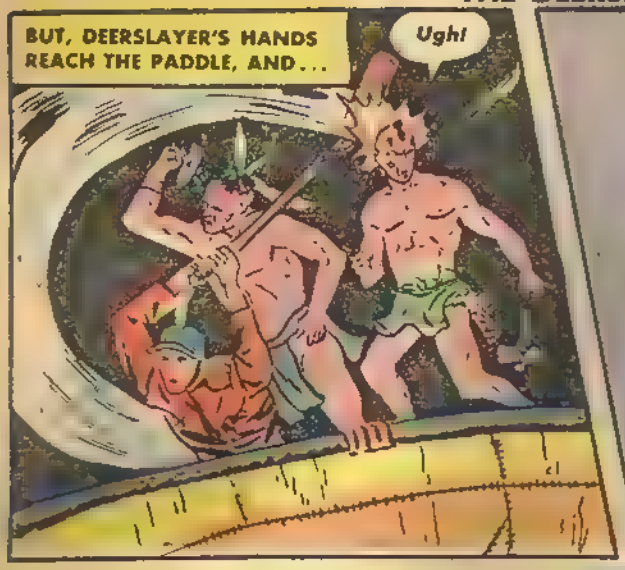


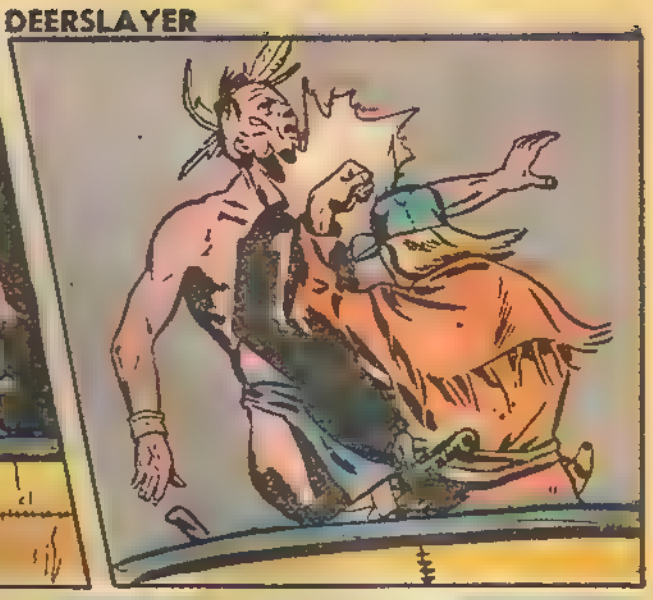
Deerslayer!

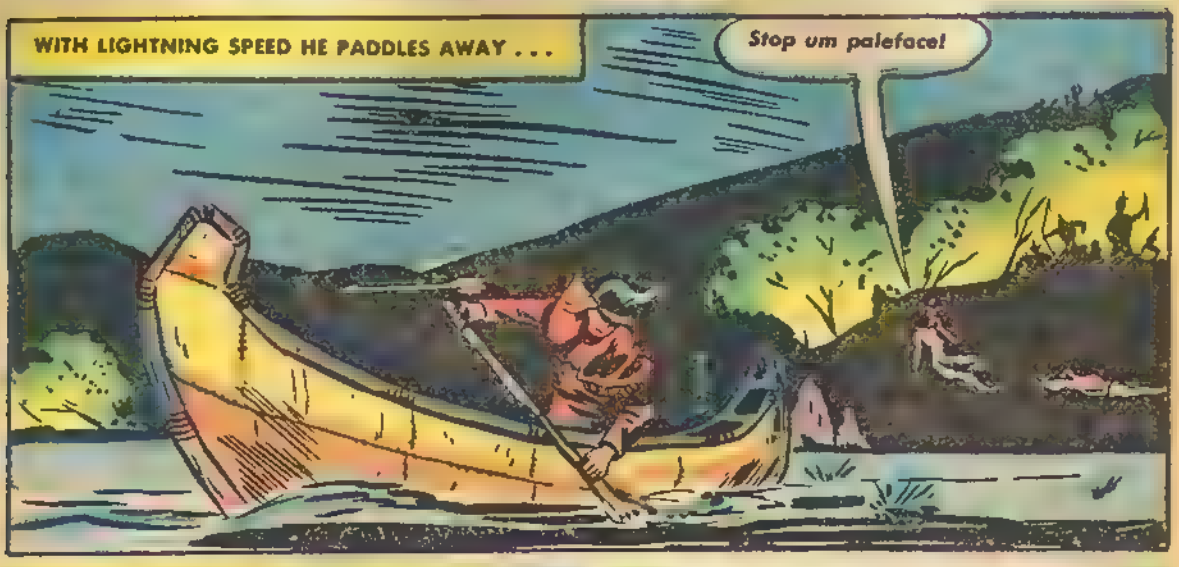
A MOMENT LATER . . .
Get um Deerslayer!

Run fer it, Deerslayer!

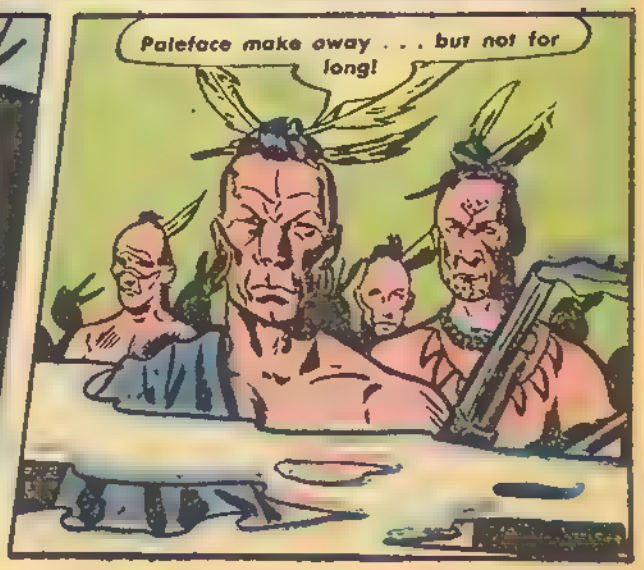

They got him!

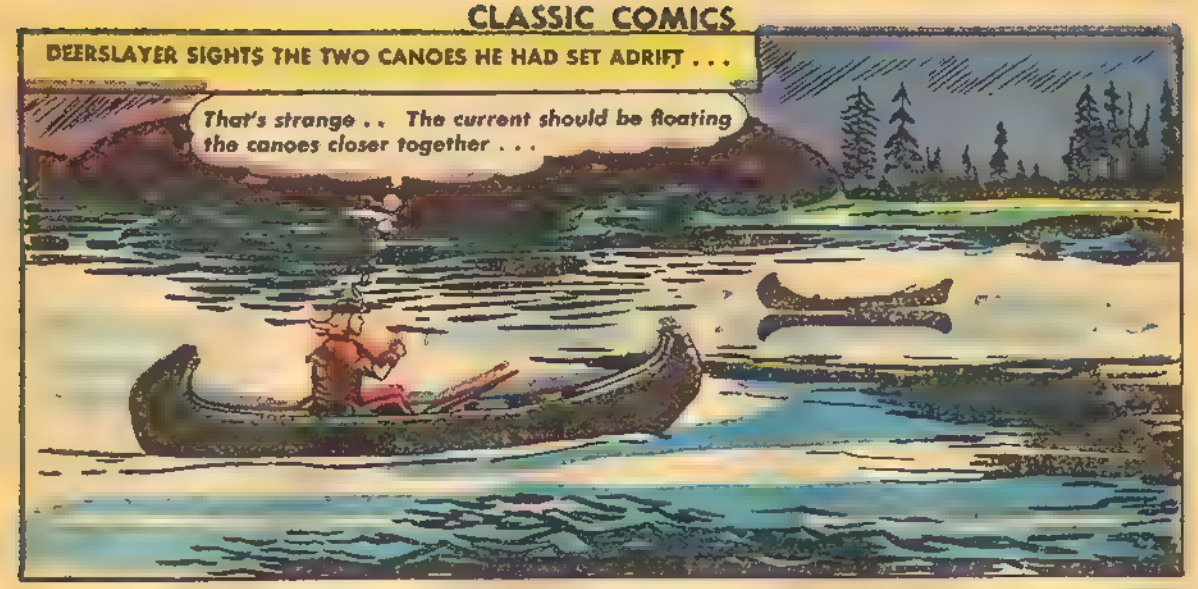

BUT, DEERSLAYER'S HANDS REACH THE PADDLE, AND...
Ugh!




WITH LIGHTNING SPEED HE PADDLES AWAY...
Stop um paleface!

AS THE CANOE CLEARS THE SHORE....

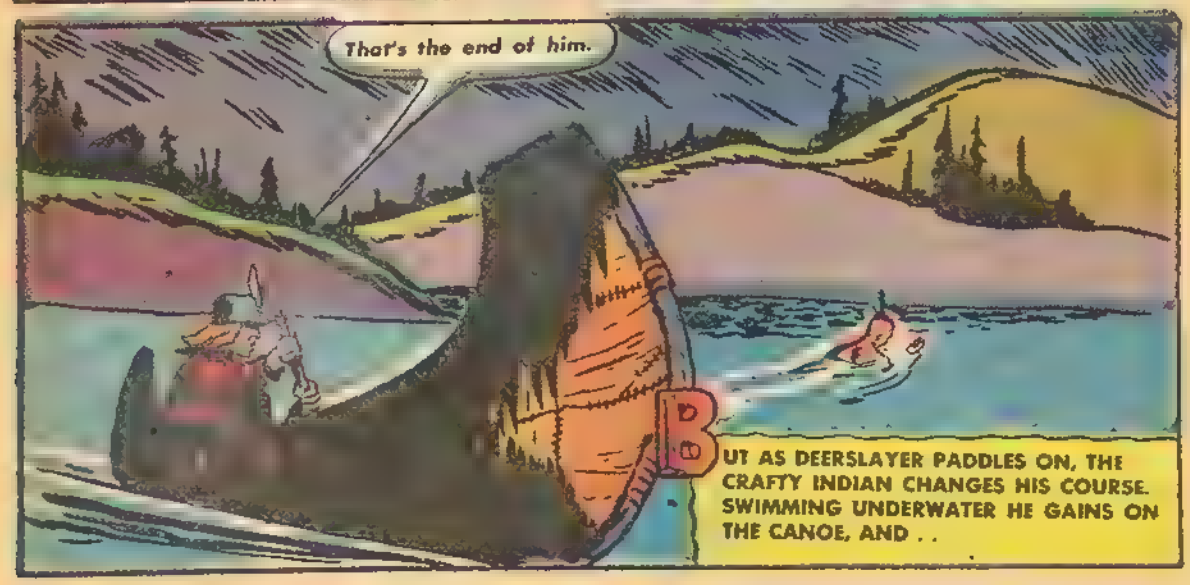

Paleface make away . . . but not for long!


DEERSLAYER SIGHTS THE TWO CANOES HE HAD SET ADRIFT . . .
That's strange . . The current should be floating the canoes closer together . . .

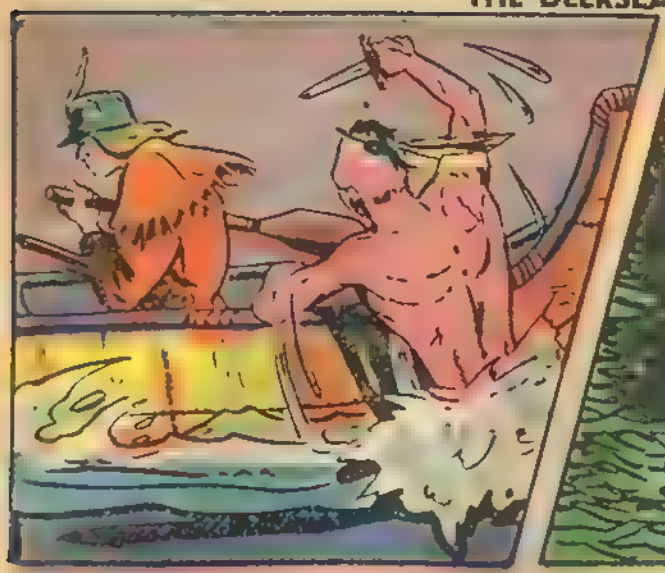
An Indian's in it!

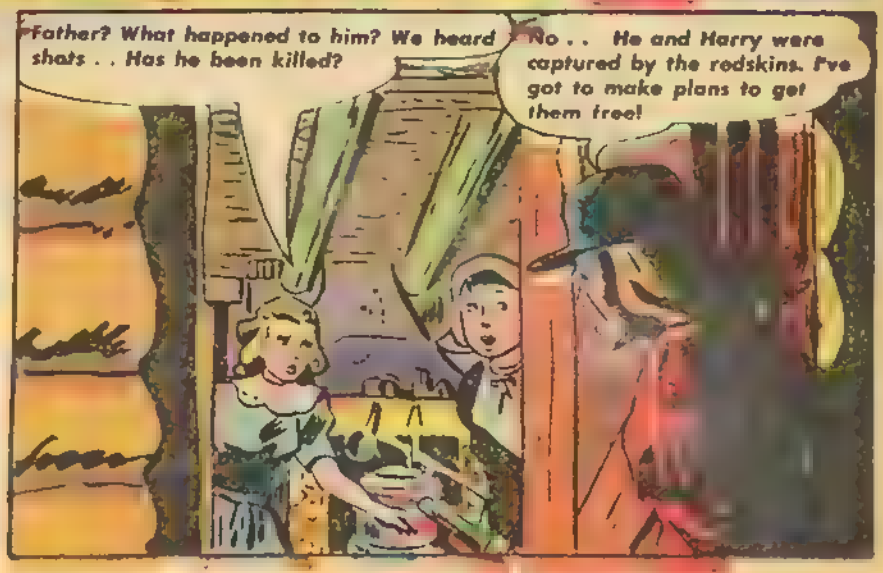
You'll be a smart redskin if you take to the lake . . right now!

SWIFTLY THE INDIAN RISES
Go on . . . I don't want to shoot you . . . unless I have to.
I go . . I go . .

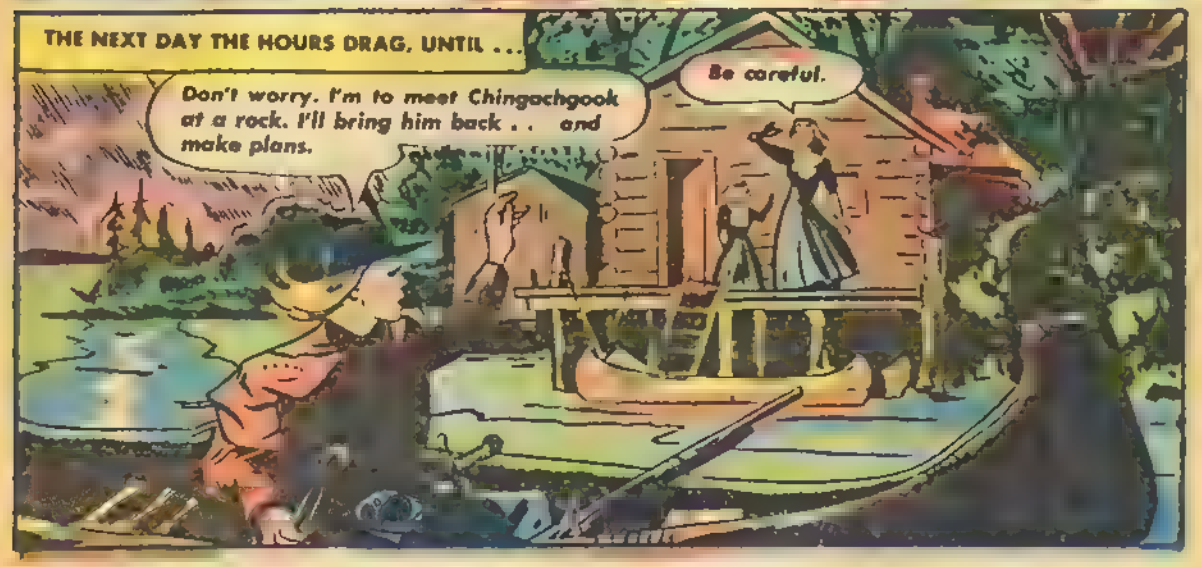

That's the end of him.
BUT AS DEERSLAYER PADDLES ON, THE CRAFTY INDIAN CHANGES HIS COURSE. SWIMMING UNDERWATER HE GAINS ON THE CANOE, AND . .

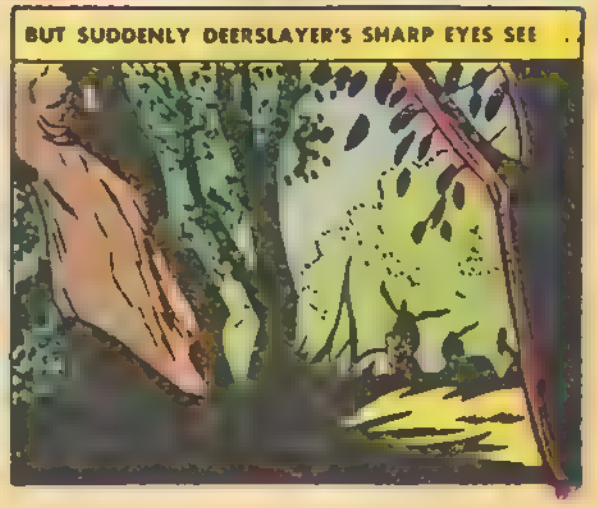
THE DEERSLAYER





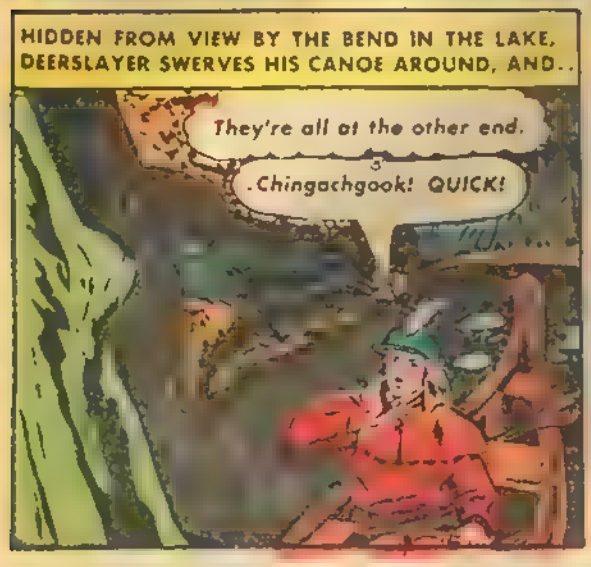
two : THE REDSKINS ATTACK



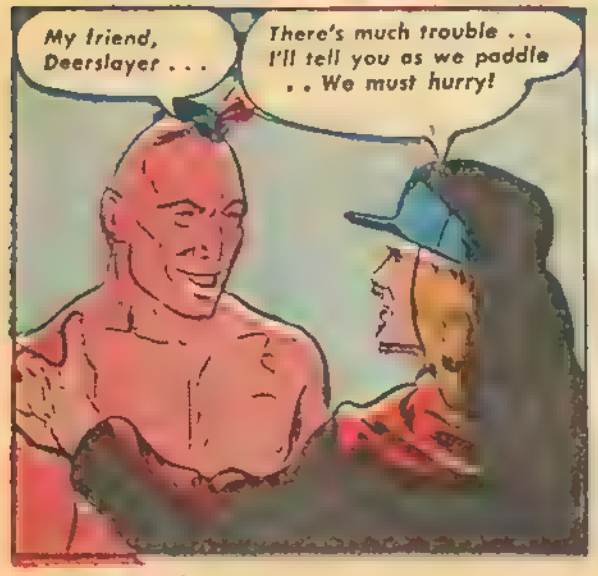


I'll go the opposite way . . Maybe they'll follow. It's my only chance . . .

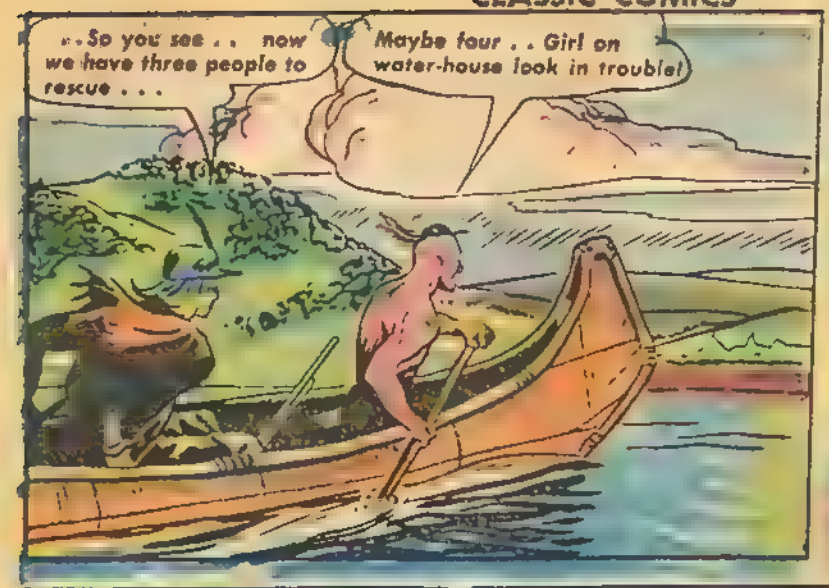
He go that way . . Come . . !


HIDDEN FROM VIEW BY THE BEND IN THE LAKE, DEERSLAYER SWERVES HIS CANOE AROUND, AND..
They're all at the other end.
Chingachgook! QUICK!

IN A SECOND . . .


My friend, Deerslayer . . .
There's much trouble . . I'll tell you as we paddle . . We must hurry!

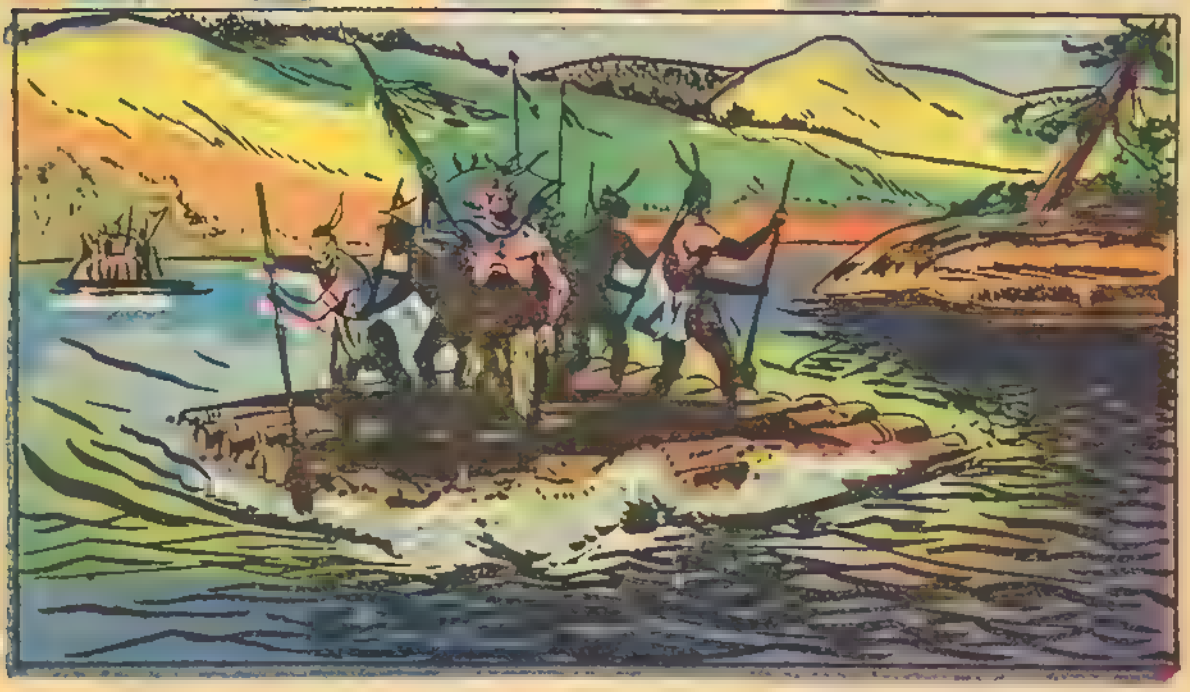
He make away again! He much wisdom . . .
Maybe wisdom trap him soon!


. . So you see . . now we have three people to rescue . . .
Maybe four . . Girl on water-house look in trouble!

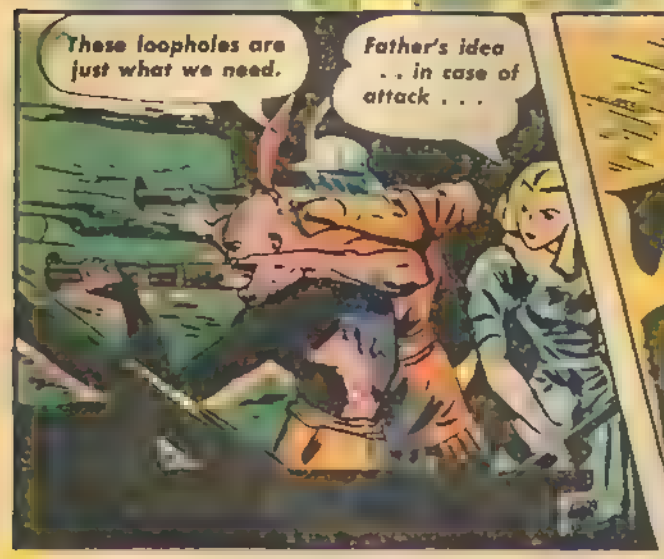
Hetty's run off!
Run off! Where? How?

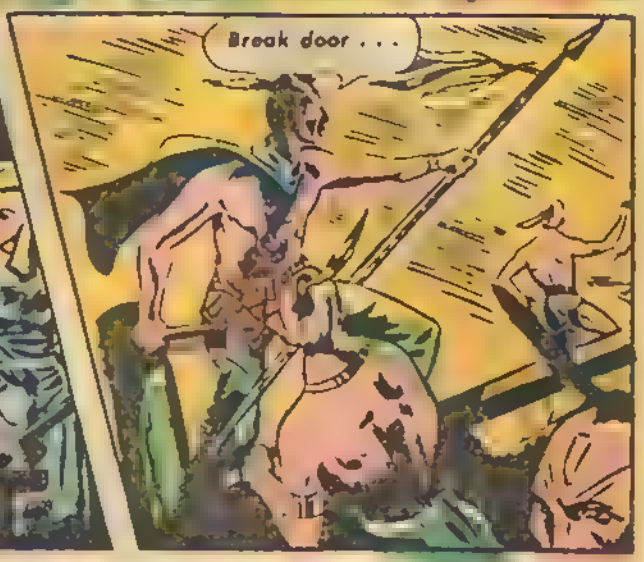
I was alone in the other room when I heard a splash of water. I looked out the window. Hetty was paddling away in a canoe.

I followed her, but couldn't catch up. She made toward shore.
Right in the camp of the enemy!
They come! Look!



We'll barricade ourselves.


These loopholes are just what we need.
Father's idea . . in case of attack . . .


Break door . . .

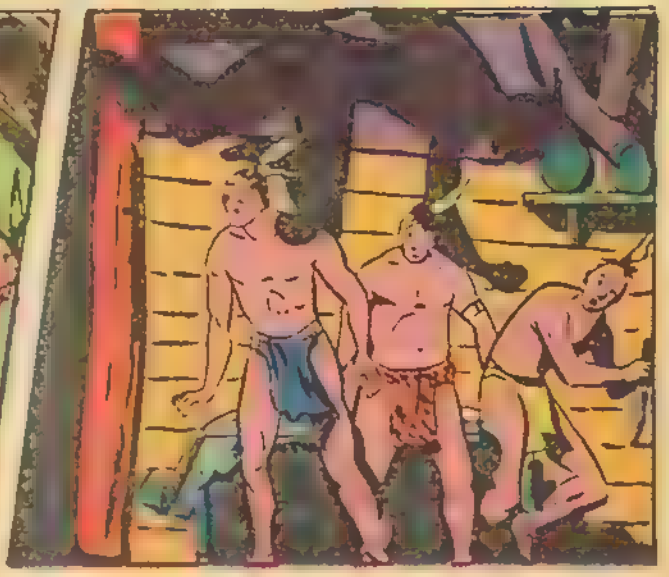
SHARP TOMAHAWKS PIERCE THE DOOR . . .

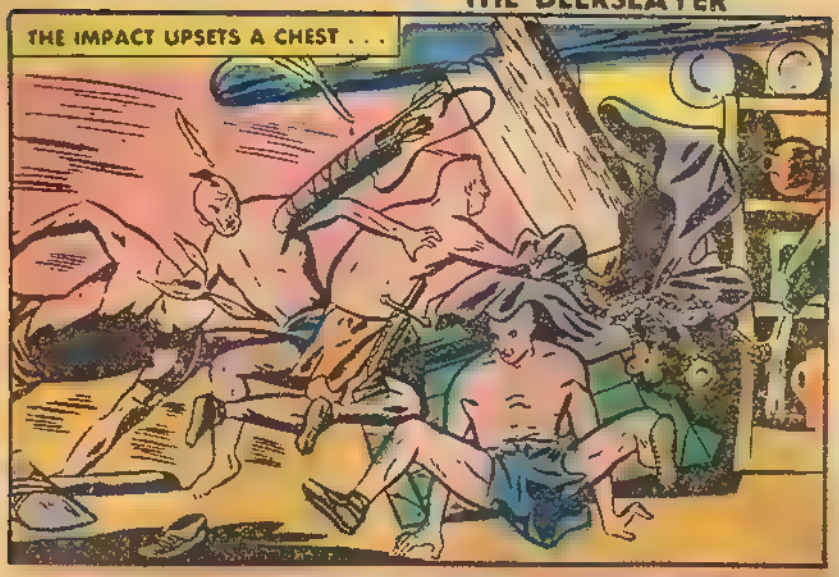
Take cover! Quick, Judith!

Ugh . . . Got Delaware!

Got paleface!

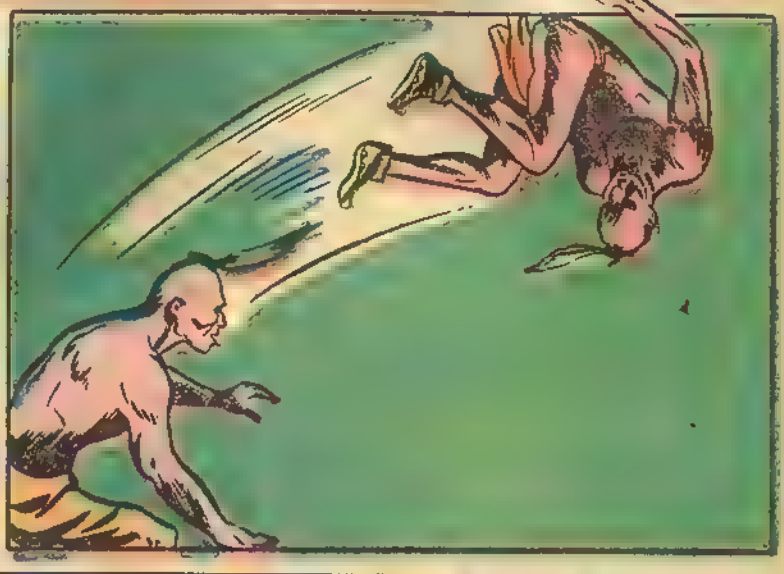
Have you?



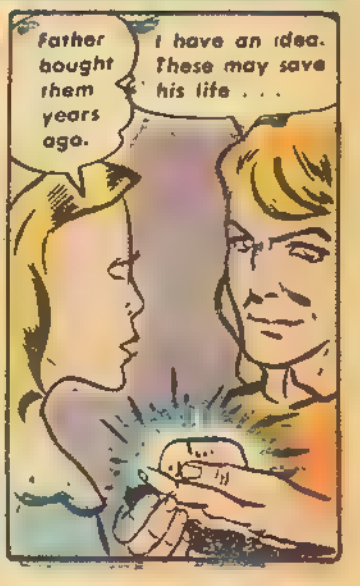

THE IMPACT UPSETS A CHEST . . .

Have you had enough?

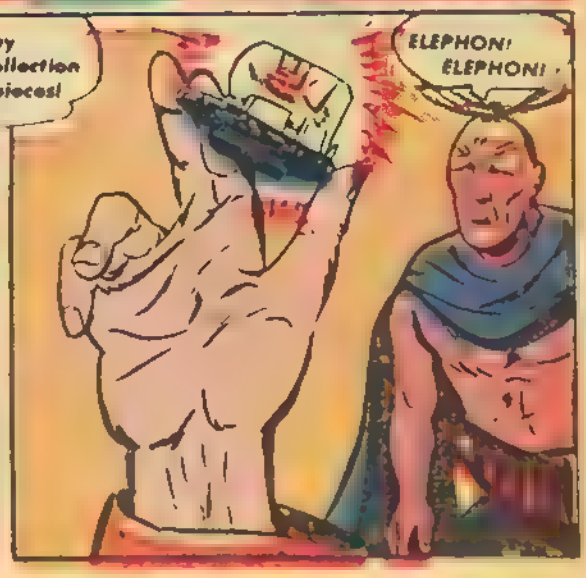
This one not yet



Judith, these things in the chest they're silks and brocades and jewelry!

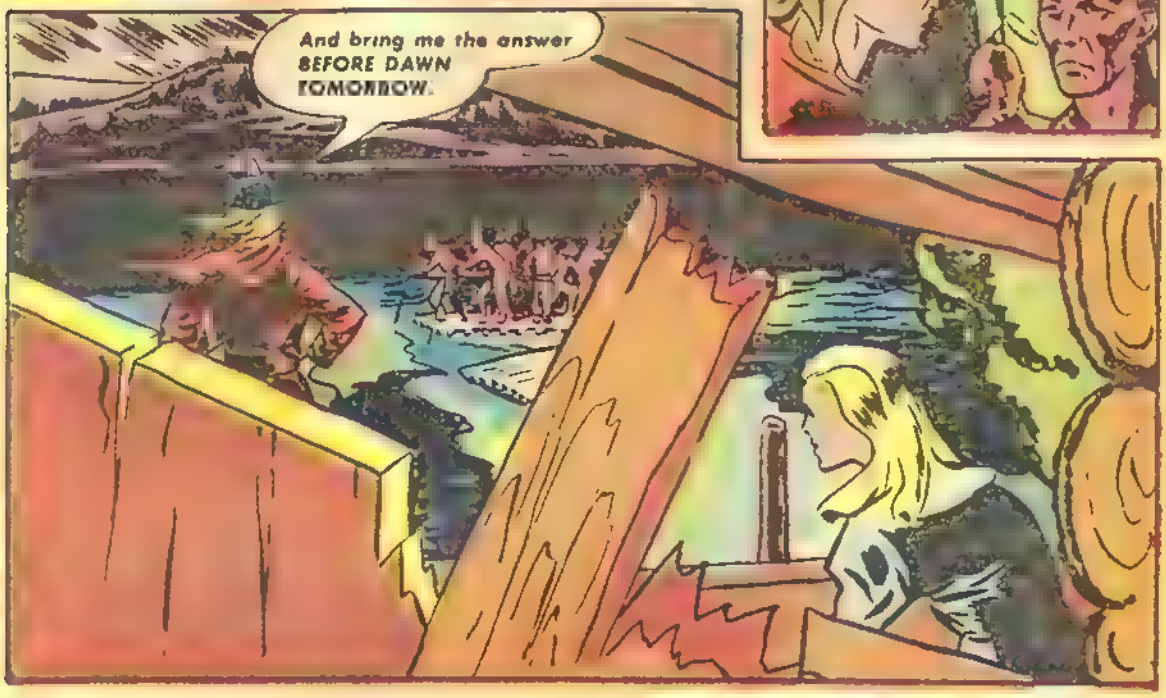

Father bought them years ago.
I have an idea. These may save his life . . .

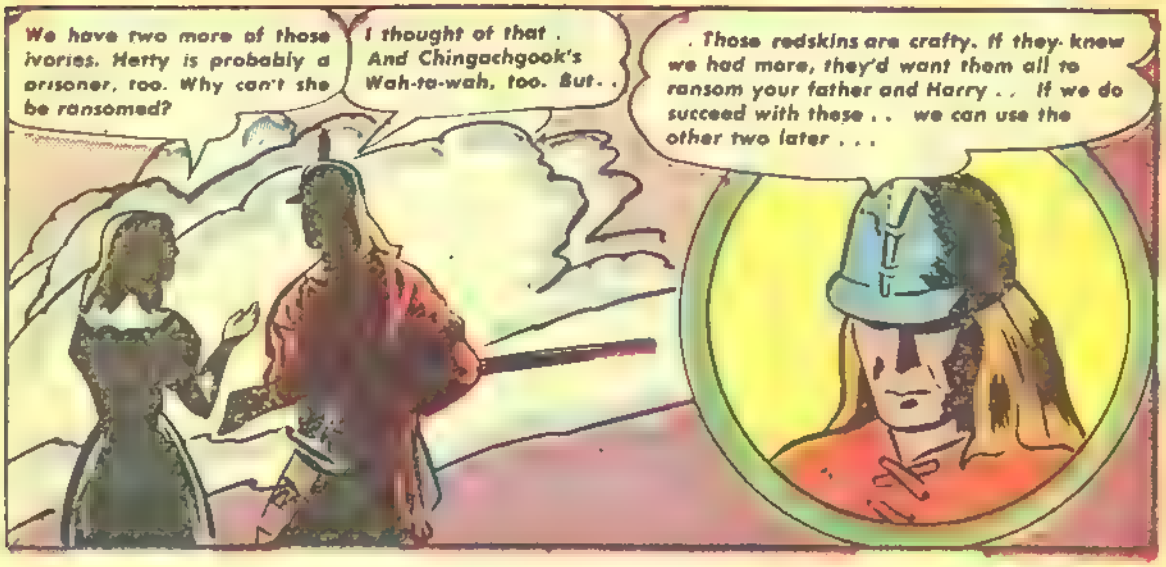
DEERSLAYER SHOWS THEM PIECE AFTER PIECE, BUT THE INDIANS ARE NOT IMPRESSED FINALLY . . .

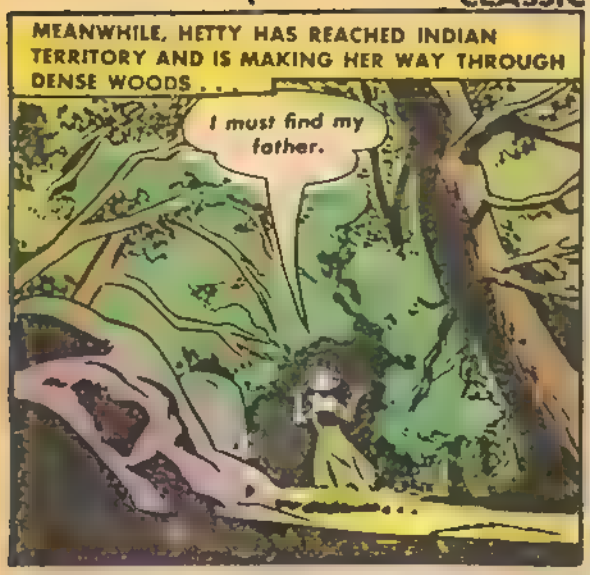


Good . . much good buy paleface.
Ugh! Ugh!

Go back and tell your chiefs we will give them two of these wonderful ivory elephants one for each paleface.
We tell um.

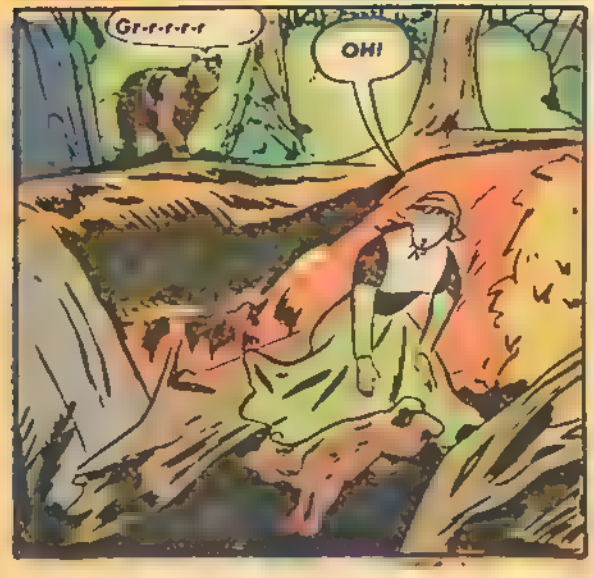

And bring me the answer BEFORE DAWN TOMORROW.


We have two more of those ivories. Hetty is probably a prisoner, too. Why can't she be ransomed?
I thought of that . And Chingachgook's Wah-ta-wah, too. But . .
. Those redskins are crafty. If they knew we had more, they'd want them all to ransom your father and Harry . . If we do succeed with these . . we can use the other two later . . .


MEANWHILE, HETTY HAS REACHED INDIAN TERRITORY AND IS MAKING HER WAY THROUGH DENSE WOODS . . .
I must find my father.

When the Indians hear what I have to say, they'll .
Oh! What's that?

It's only a bear. Once I had one as a pet . . You pretty thing!

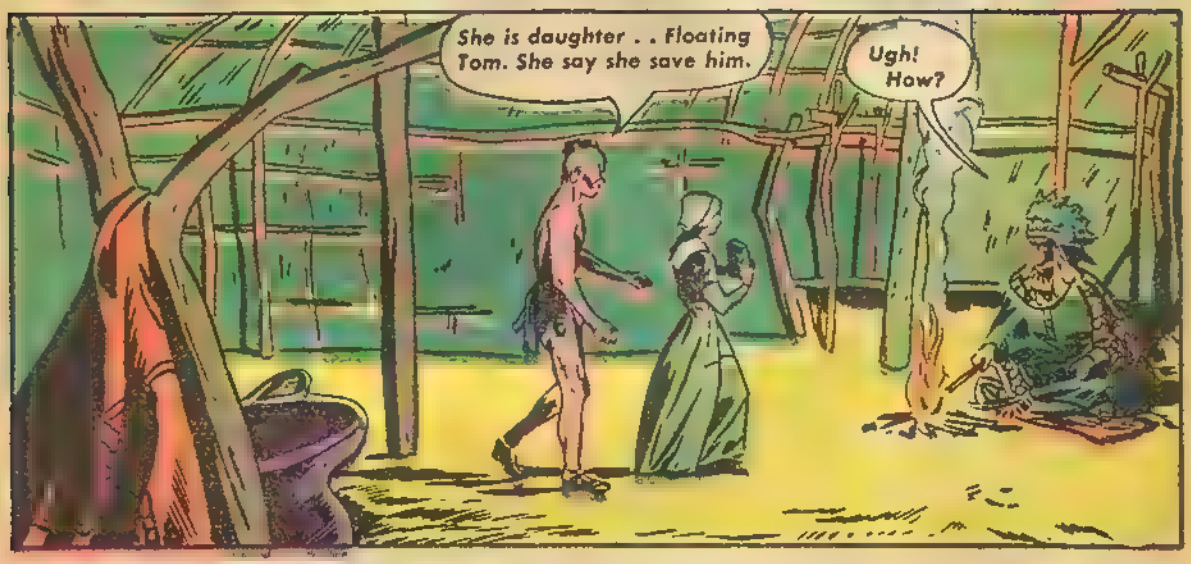

Gr-r-r-r-r
OH!

THE DEERSLAYER

F·A·T·M·E·R·I

Hetty, why did you come here?
Girl . . look!
I came to save you, father.

Take me to your Chief . . Your chiefest Chief!
Big Chief? . . Come!


She is daughter . . Floating Tom. She say she save him.
Ugh! How?

Do you know there is a GOD who rules over the whole earth . . over all the people . . white, red, or any other color?
Ugh! I know. HE the GREAT SPIRIT.

This GREAT SPIRIT, as you call our GOD, has caused a book to be written . . . We call it a Bible. Here is one of these Holy Books.
HOLY BIBLE

There are ten commandments. One is "LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."

Neighbor for us . . Iroquois. Iroquois love Iroquois.

No . . not Neighbor means every one . . Love every one.

Neighbor is Iroquois, not every one. But read more what GREAT SPIRIT say.

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL."

Indian must kill to live . . Kill animal, kill paleface . . GREAT SPIRIT not right in Good Book. You not right, paleface girl.

I KNOW I'm not right in my head. They say I'm feeble-minded. But the Bible IS right.

A SECOND LATER . . .

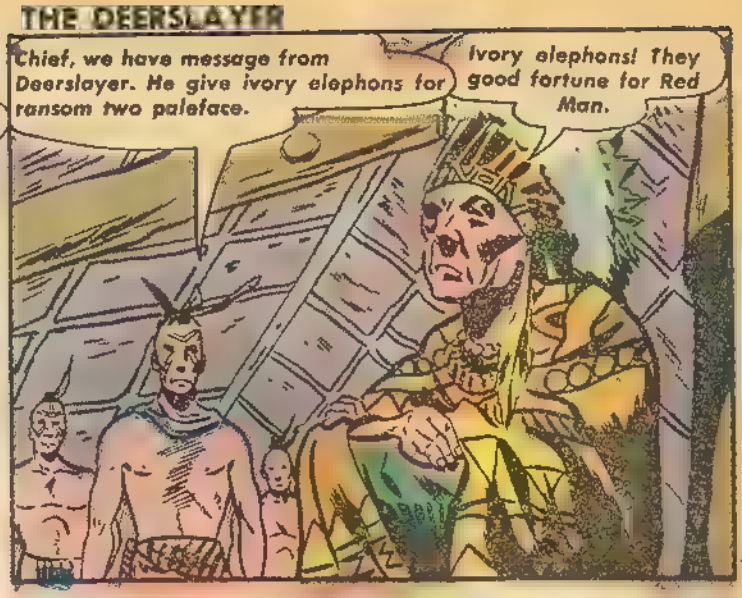
Chief! Injins come back on rafts! They say must see you!

Bring um in . . Take girl out.

You WILL do what the Good Book says, won't you?

I see later . . .

We kill her, too?
No . . Indian not kill those with empty mind . . She harmless . . .


Chief, we have message from Deerslayer. He give ivory elephons for ransom two paleface.
Ivory elephons! They good fortune for Red Man.

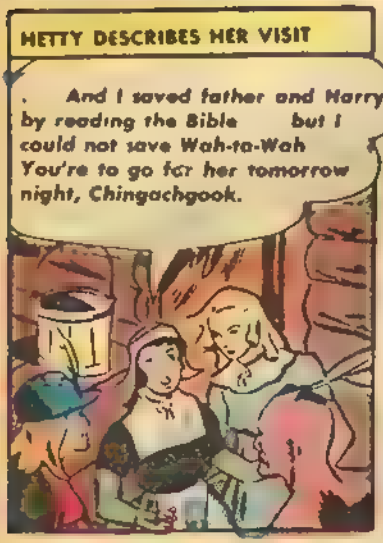
We take um ransom.
Father! No take ransom for Wah-ta-wah!
You gave word she be my bride.

I keep word. Wah-ta-Wah not leave for ivory elephons.

AT THIS, A PAIR OF DEEP, DARK EYES THAT HAD BEEN STEALTHILY PEERING THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE HUT, DISAPPEARS . . .
Chingachgook must come for me before it is too late . . .

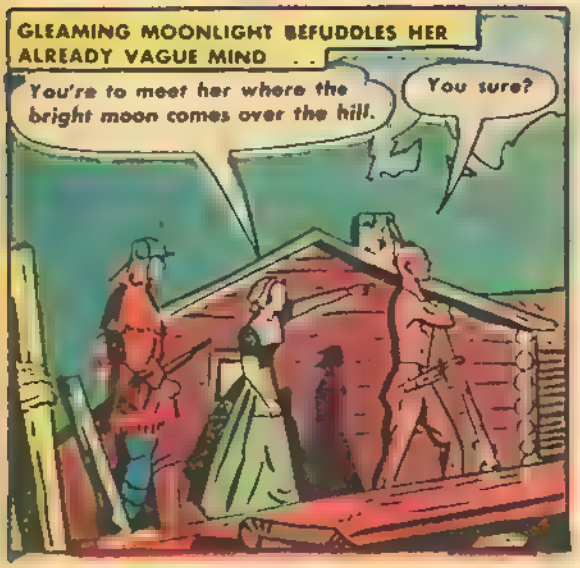
A FEW MOMENTS LATER . . .
Paleface girl go back to her people now
Go, Hetty Don't worry about me.
What about my father and Harry?
Chief say they will be saved
I saved them! I saved them! No one can laugh at me any more!
AS SHE RACES JOYFULLY TOWARD SHORE, A SOFT WHISPER SUDDENLY STOPS HER .
Wait, girl!
Tell Chingachgook come for me tomorrow .. one hour after dark. I walk away from camp and wait at hill where .
. . large bright star comes over.
Hill bright star . I'll tell him I must go now

AN HOUR LATER
It's Hetty!
Thank heaven! She's safe!

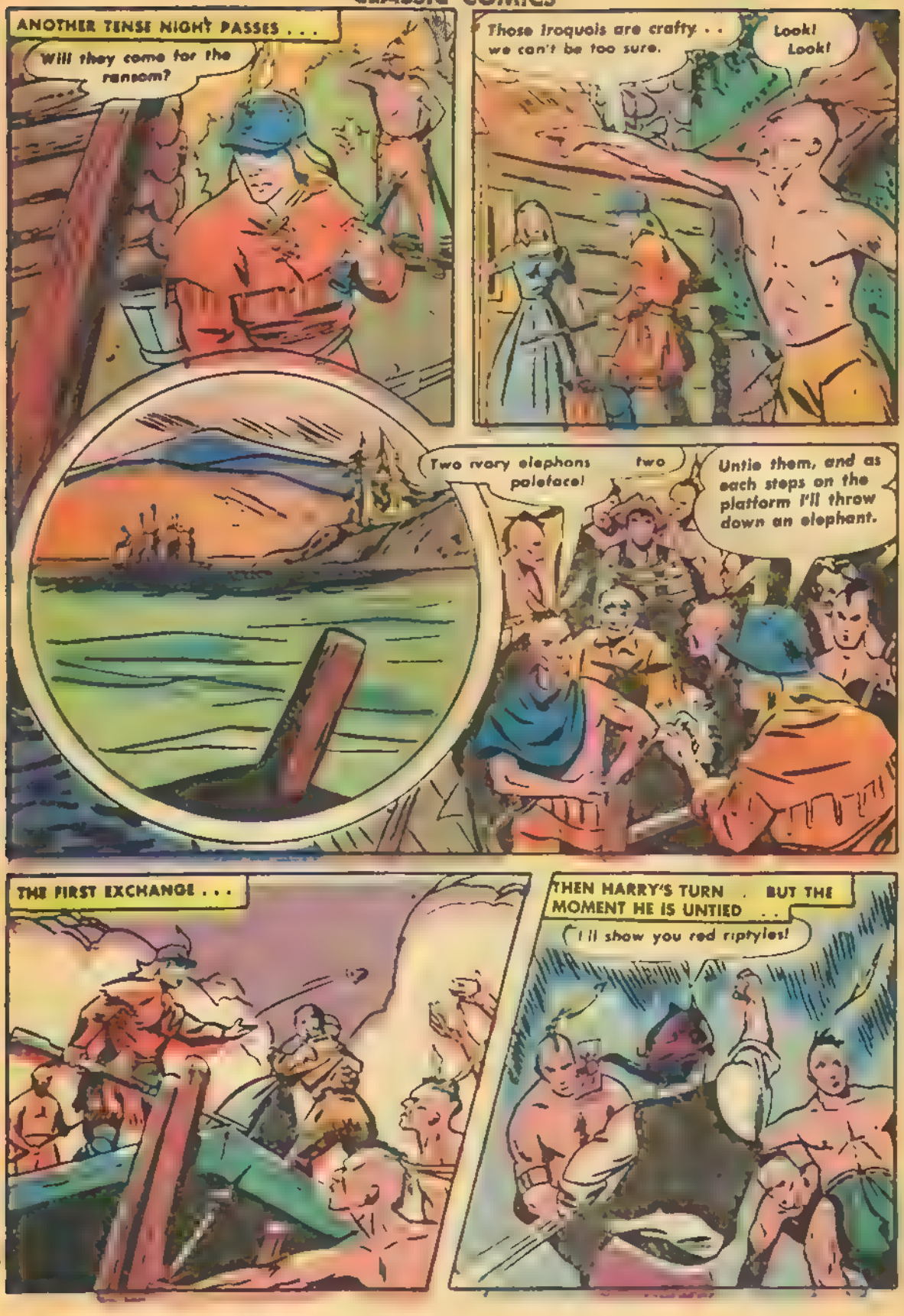

HETTY DESCRIBES HER VISIT
. And I saved father and Harry by reading the Bible but I could not save Wah-ta-Wah You're to go for her tomorrow night, Chingachgook.

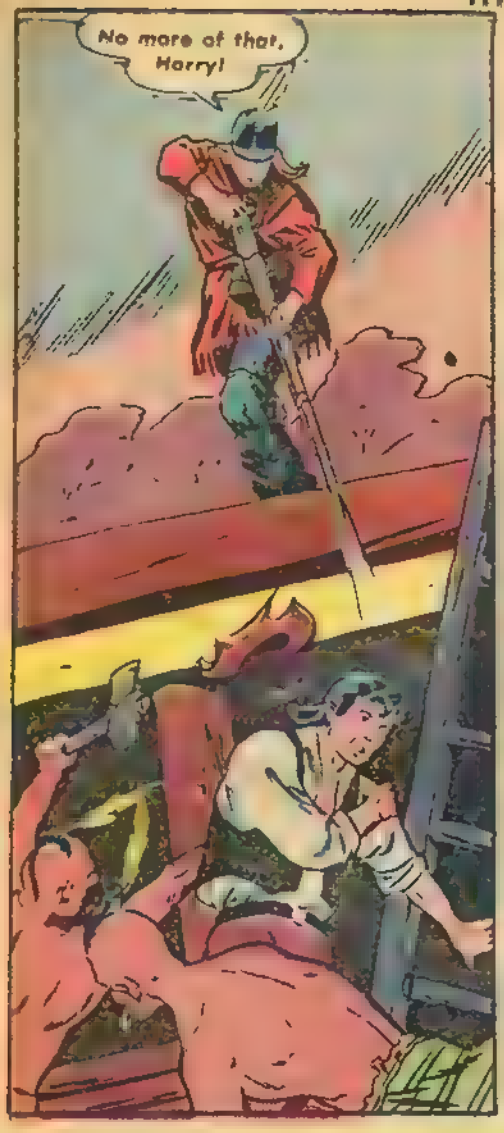
She says you're to meet her one hour after dark on the hill where . where . .
Where what, Hetty?

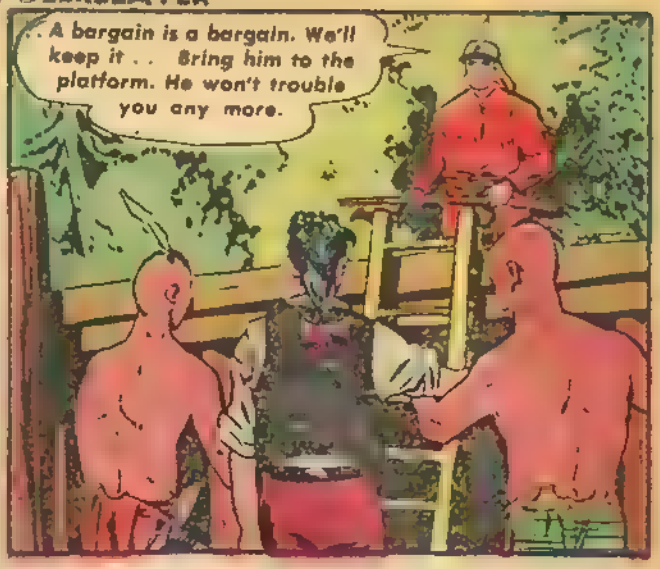
The moonlight!

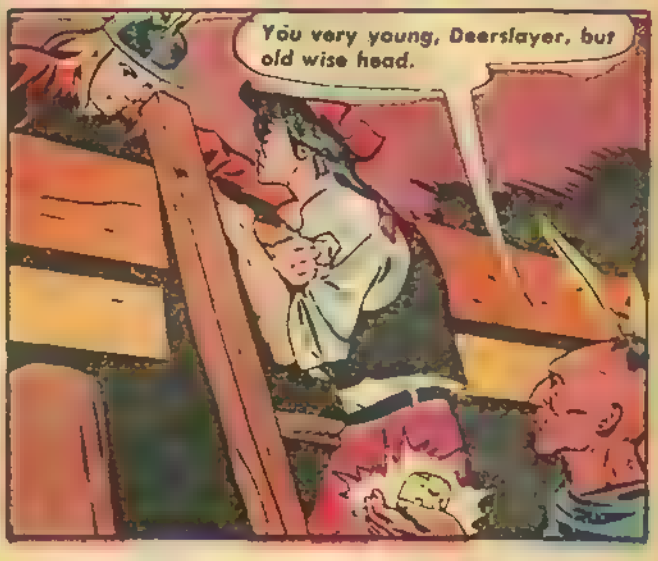

GLEAMING MOONLIGHT BEFUDDLES HER ALREADY VAGUE MIND . .
You're to meet her where the bright moon comes over the hill.
You sure?

Yes those were her words .
Chingachgook and I will both be there .

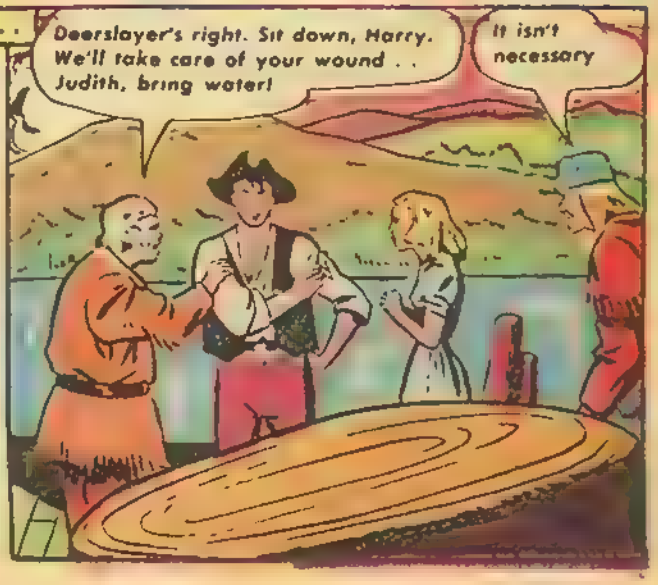

ANOTHER TENSE NIGHT PASSES . . .
Will they come for the ransom?
Those Iroquois are crafty . . we can't be too sure.
Look! Look!
Two ivory elephons two paleface!
Untie them, and as each steps on the platform I'll throw down an elephant.
THE FIRST EXCHANGE . . .
THEN HARRY'S TURN . BUT THE MOMENT HE IS UNTIED . .
I'll show you red riptyles!


No more of that, Harry!


. . A bargain is a bargain. We'll keep it . . Bring him to the platform. He won't trouble you any more.

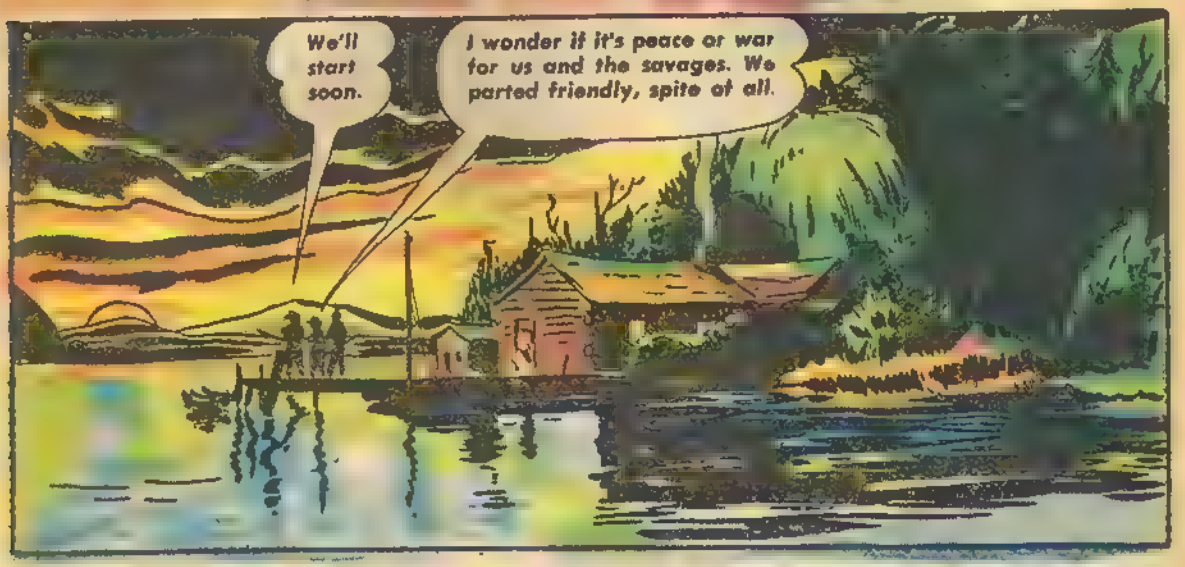

You very young, Deerslayer, but old wise head.

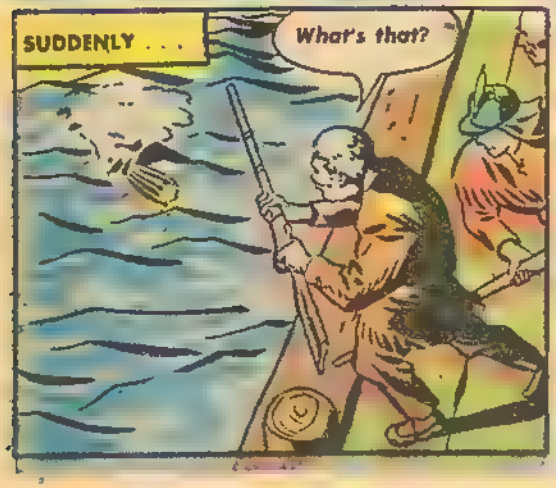
THE MOMENT THE RAFT FADES FROM VIEW . . .
We should've knocked 'em off! They'd do the same to us!
We're not savages . . We keep our word!

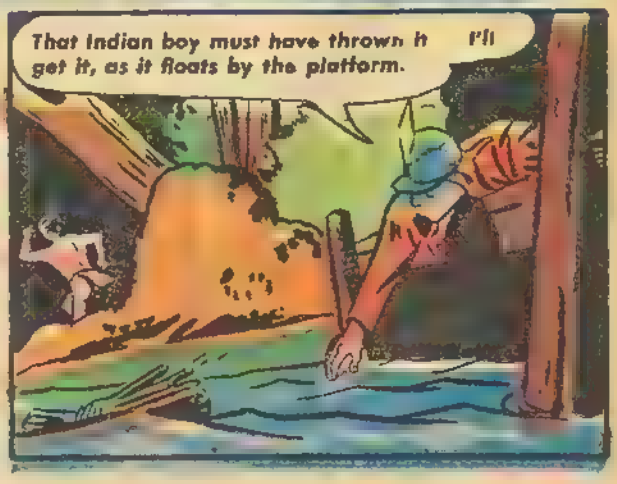

Deerslayer's right. Sit down, Harry. We'll take care of your wound . . Judith, bring water!
It isn't necessary

three : DEERSLAYER'S CAPTURE

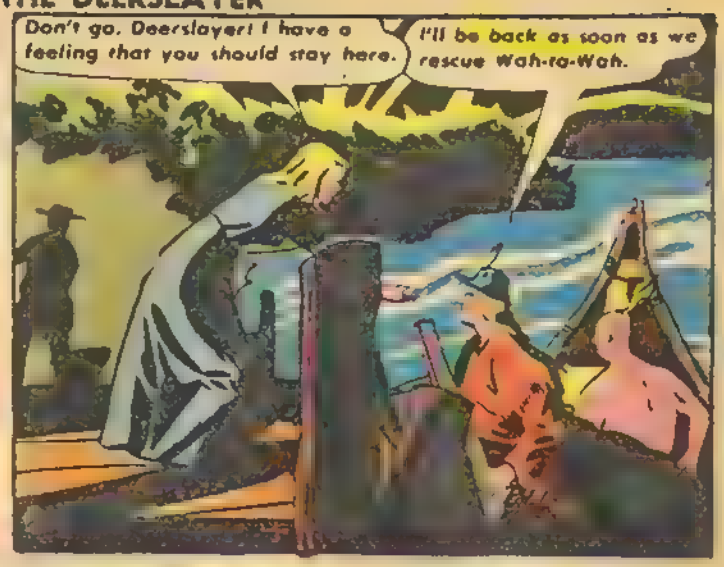
WITH THIS MATTER DISPOSED OF, DEERSLAYER AND HIS DELAWARE FRIEND WAIT IMPATIENTLY FOR ANOTHER NIGHT. THE GLOWING SUN BEGINS TO SINK . . .





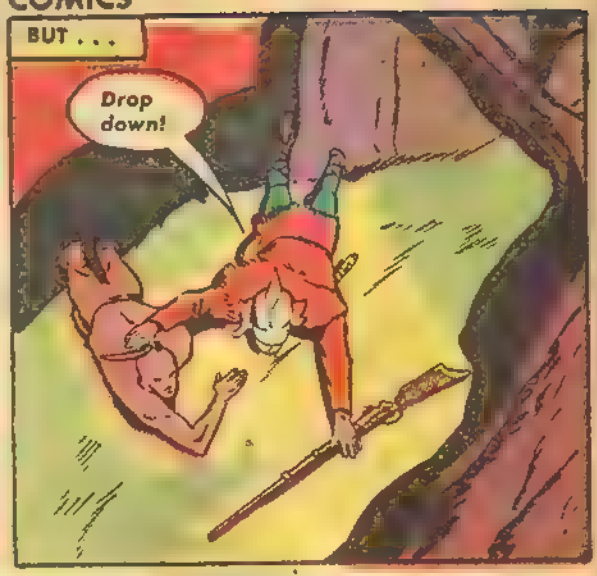


THE DEERSLAYER



IN DEAD SILENCE, THEIR PADDLES SCARCELY RIPPLING THE WATER, THE PAIR REACH THE MOONBEAMED HILL

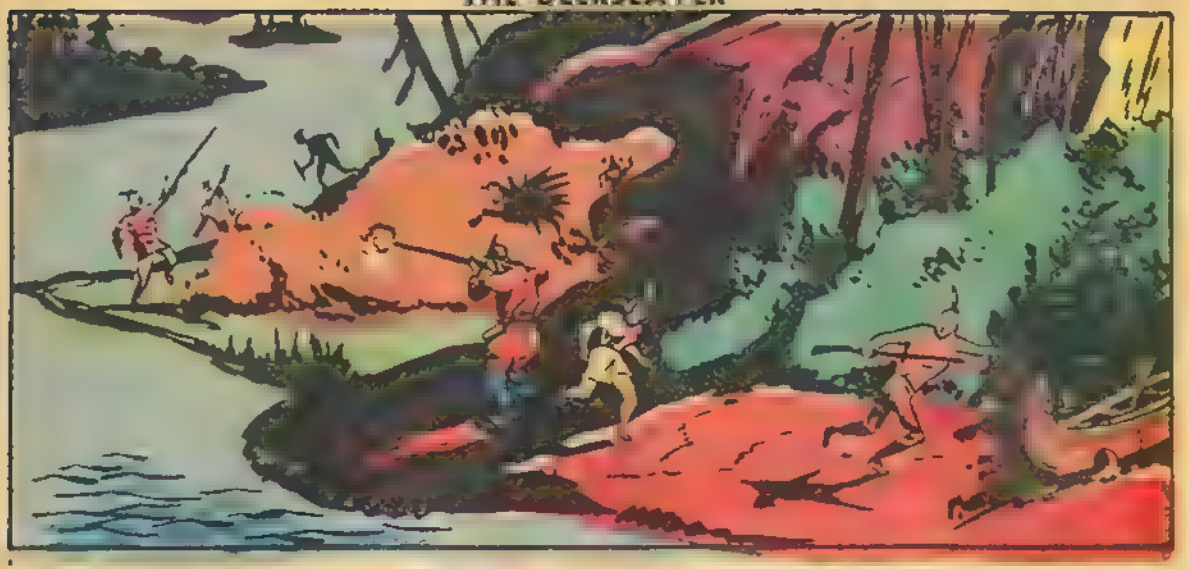
It's Wah-ta-Wah!
Hetty . . her mind . . she told us wrong . . But the path's clear. We can make it. Quick!


BUT . . .
Drop down!

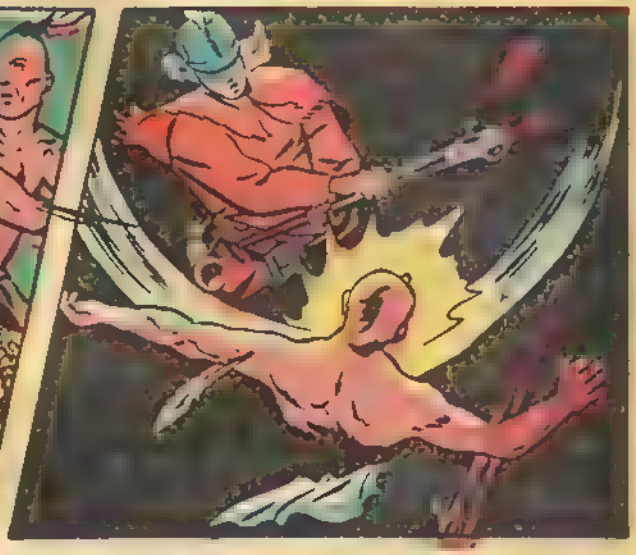
TOO LATE . . .
Paleface there . . Get um!

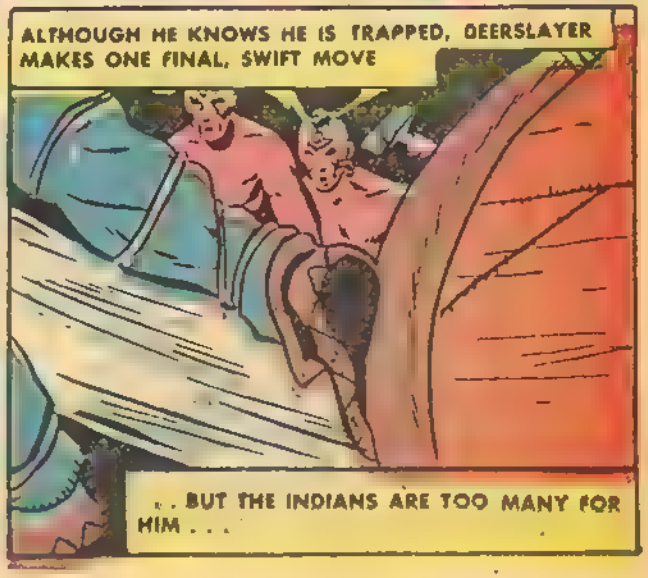
To the canoe!

AND ON THE OTHER HILL



Go, quick!




ALTHOUGH HE KNOWS HE IS TRAPPED, DEERSLAYER MAKES ONE FINAL, SWIFT MOVE
. . BUT THE INDIANS ARE TOO MANY FOR HIM . . .

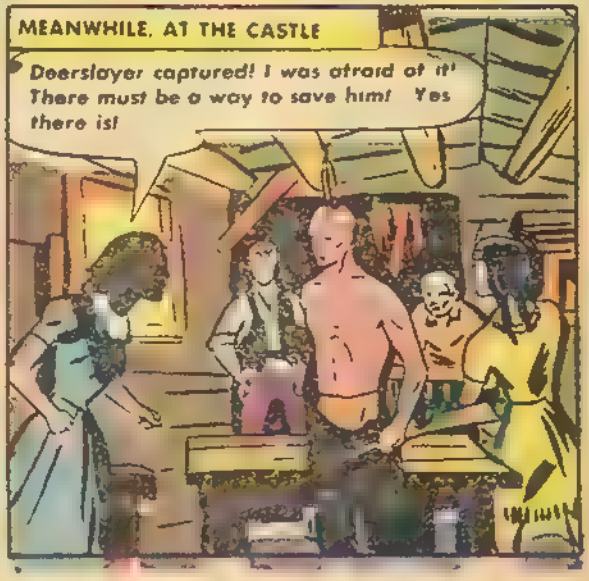
Take Deerslayer to Chief . Tell when kill um.

You give us much trouble, Deerslayer. You die for it . but not so soon Torture first much torture .

But . no torture . free, if you become Huron of Iroquois Tribe You brave, young warrior. Live with us, fight for us.
Never! I belong with my own people, not with their enemy.

You talk strong but think hard on it Tomorrow sunset maybe you have different answer
My answer will always be the same

But at least it'll stave off torture another twenty-four hours. By that time, maybe something'll happen .


MEANWHILE, AT THE CASTLE
Deerslayer captured! I was afraid of it! There must be a way to save him! Yes there is!

These ivory elephants! We can buy Deerslayer with them. And any other valuables that the Iroquois may ask for...

Is it all right, father? I ask because these things belong to you.

If those Injins'll take 'em and give up Deerslayer, it's fine with me. How'll we get our terms to 'em?

I go! Deerslayer save my Wah-ta-Wah.

No good .. They capture you, too.

They'll capture any of you ... but ME ...

Indians don't hurt feeble-minded people.

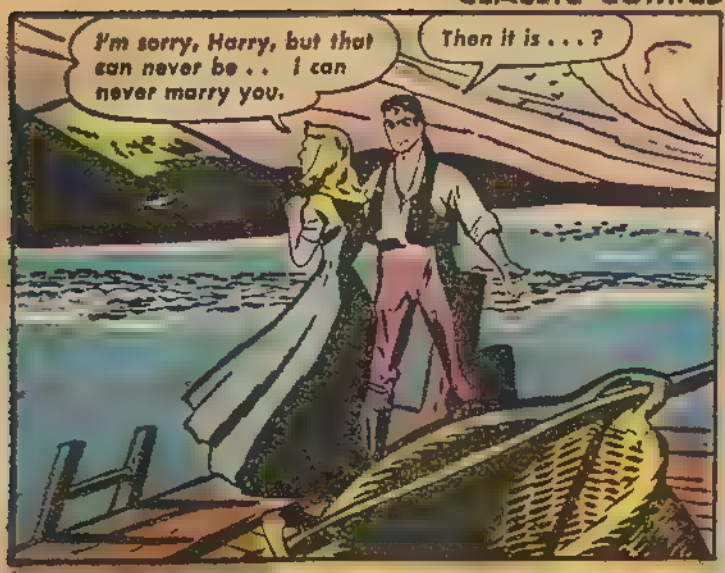
That's so. Hetty is free to go into their camp.

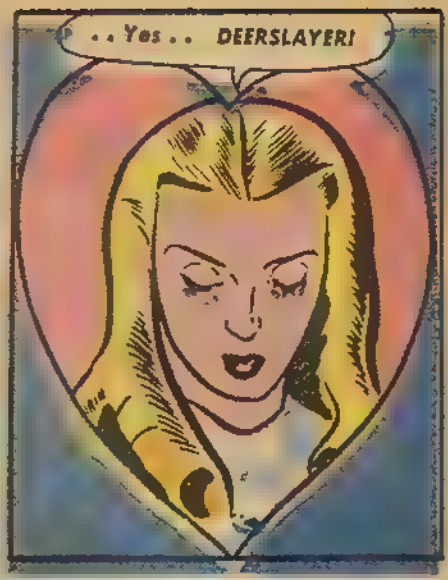
Then go at once, Hetty.

All my prayers go with her ...

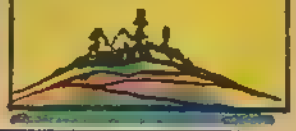
You're so consarned about Deerslayer .. I wish you'd give me a few thoughts ...

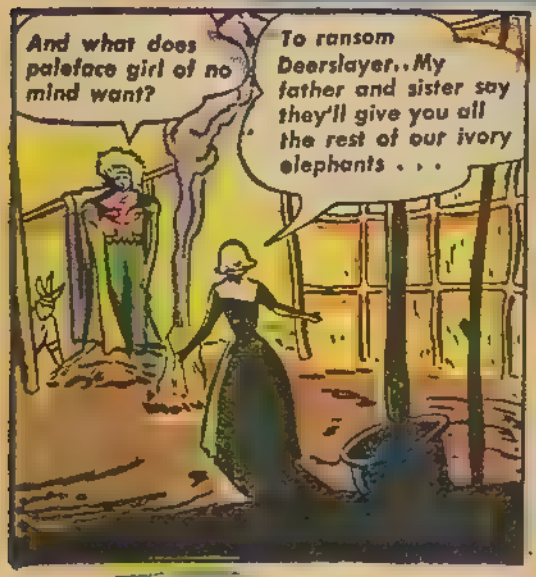
I love you, Judith .. always have .. always wanted to marry you.

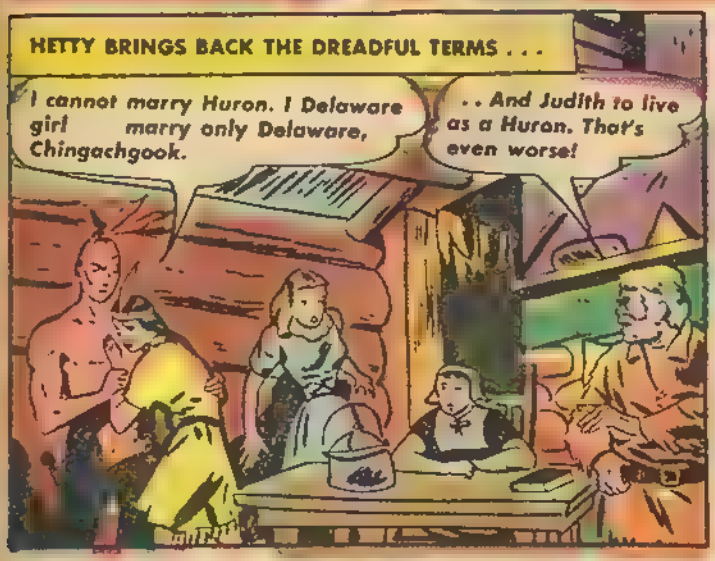




ONCE MORE, HETTY REACHES INDIAN SHORES . . AND HURRIES TOWARD THE INDIAN CAMP. ONCE MORE, SHE ASKS TO SEE THE "CHIEFEST CHIEF."







SO, DEERSLAYER'S FATE SEEMS TO BE DECIDED. BUT, IN THE STILLNESS OF THAT NIGHT . . WHEN ALL THE OCCUPANTS OF MUSKRAT CASTLE ARE SUPPOSEDLY FAST ASLEEP . .

THEN A FEW MOMENTS LATER

THE SECOND CANOE BARELY FADES INTO THE DARK DISTANCE, WHEN
A THIRD ONE STEALS FROM THE CASTLE INTO THE NIGHT!

AT THE HURON CAMP
Much to make whoop about . . Much!

WHILE REMOVED FROM THE CELEBRATION
What are they going to do with me?

Wah-to-Wah! What are you ?
I come free you Injin guards too much drink Fall asleep . . Slip in, easy
WAH TA WAH STARTS TO CUT DEERSLAYER'S BONDS

Judith!
I came to set you free!
You shouldn't have risked it, but
They're coming for me They said they'd give me time to think things over.
I hear twigs crack . Someone walking .
SUDDENLY A WILD WAR CRY STABS THE AIR
They know I'm gone Hurry

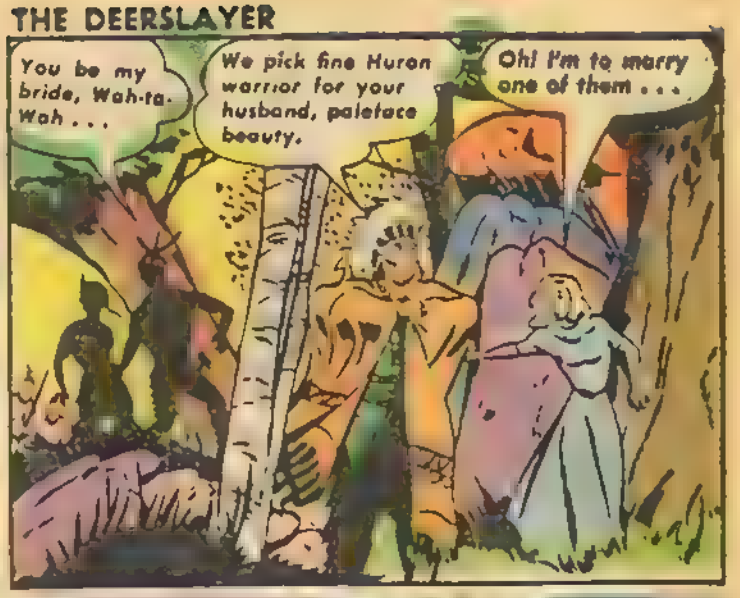
We're caught . . Wah-ta-Wah! Judith! Save yourselves!

BUT JUDITH DARTS FORWARD
You go, Deerslayer
Judith!

Go!

Wah-ta-Wah! . .
. . And paleface beauty!
We've come in exchange for Deerslayer's freedom . .

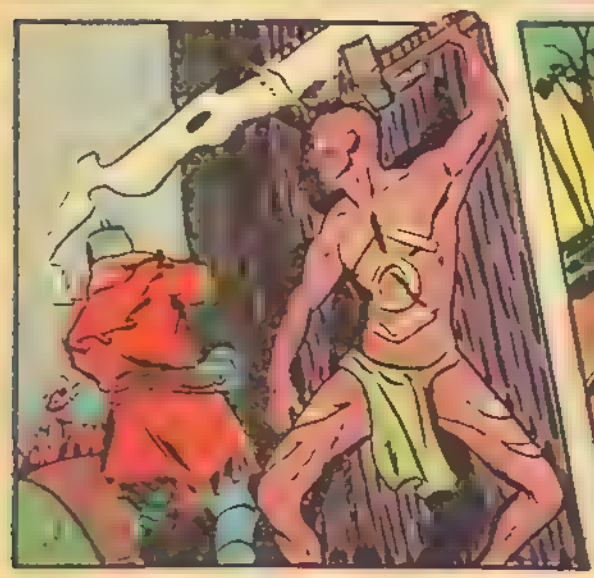
And here are the ivory elephants, too. We've kept our bargain. You won't stop Deerslayer, will you?
No . . He free .


You be my bride, Wah-ta-Wah . . .
We pick fine Huron warrior for your husband, paleface beauty.
Oh! I'm to marry one of them . . .

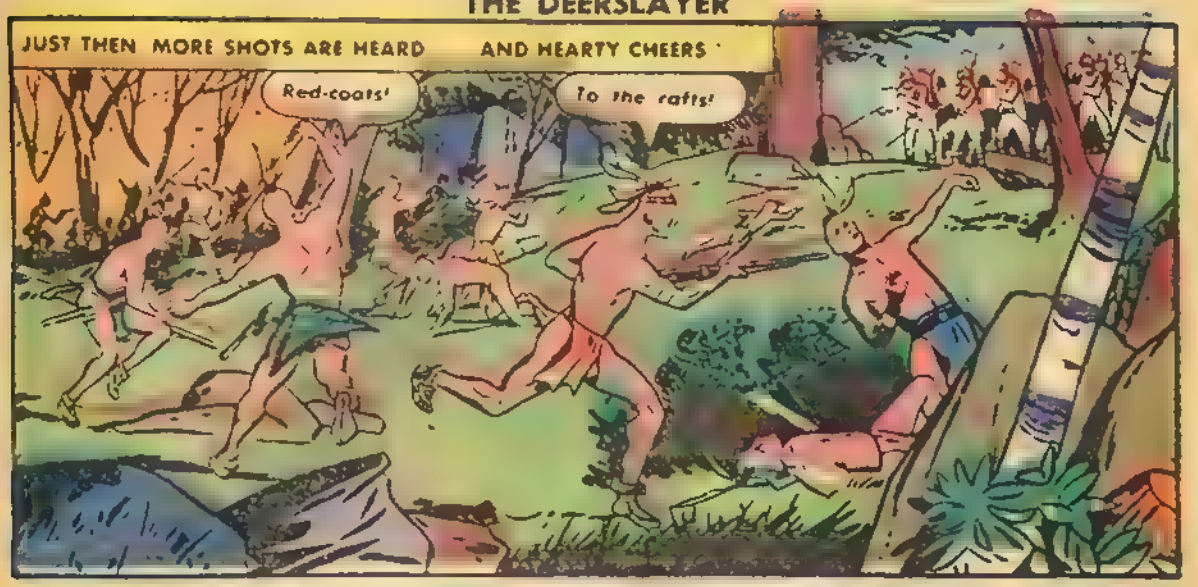
Not if I can help it, Judith.

I'll have to shoot this out. Get behind those trees!

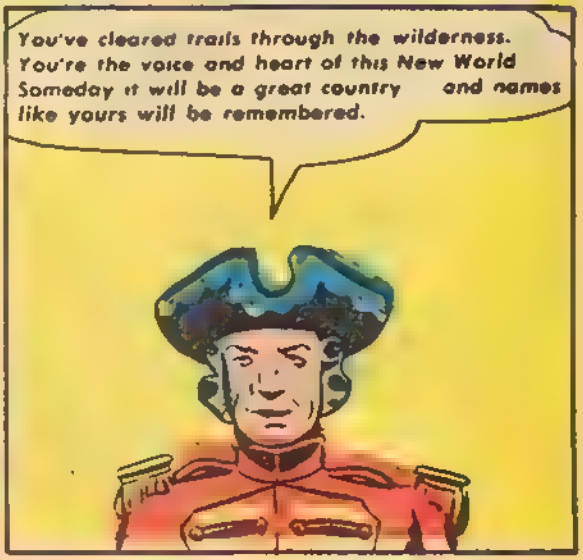
THE TUMULT AROUSES THE REST OF THE CAMP . . .
ZING



THE DEERSLAYER

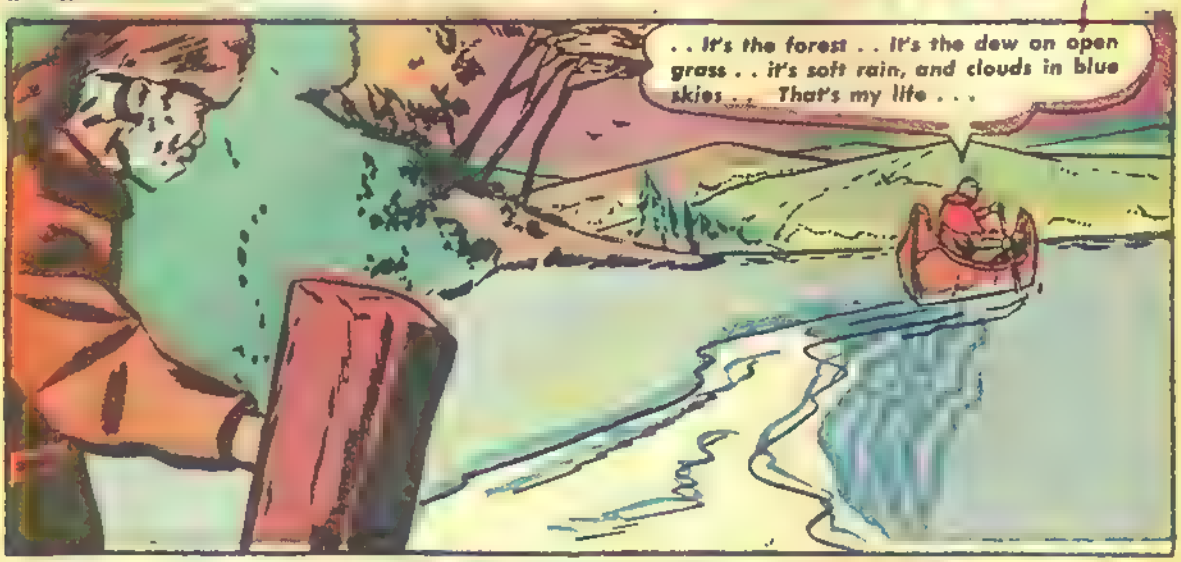


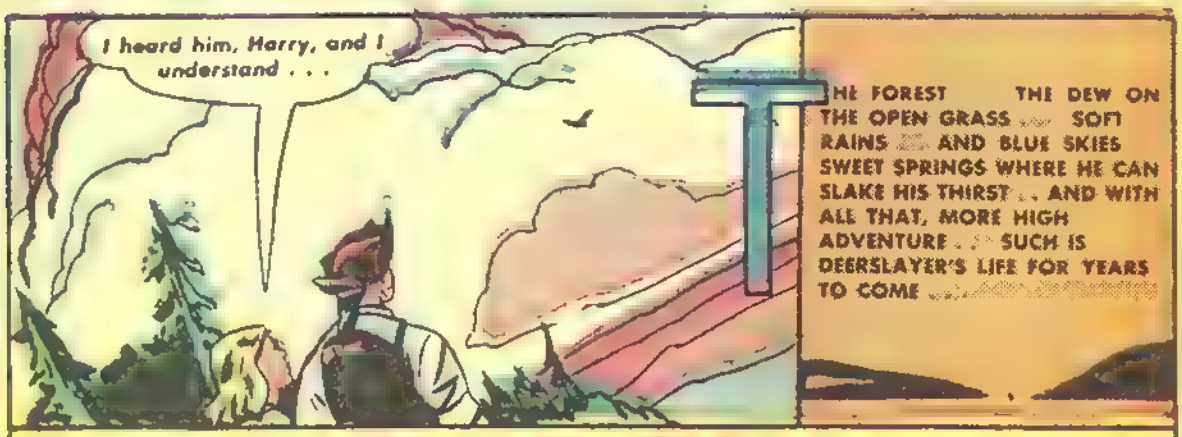
SOME OF THE INDIANS TUMBLE INTO THE WATER. ONLY TO DROWN THE REST ARE ROUNDED UP BY THE BRITISH TROOPS AS THE CAMP IS CLEARED OUT. DEERSLAYER AGAIN MEETS A FRIEND . . .



BACK ON THE ARK DEERSLAYER BIDS FAREWELL TO ALL..BUT JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE . . .
You said goodbye to Judith, but that wasn't enough. She loves you, Deerslayer
She loves me?

I thanked her for risking herself to save me But I already have a sweetheart


. . It's the forest . . it's the dew on open grass . . it's soft rain, and clouds in blue skies . . That's my life . . .


I heard him, Harry, and I understand . . .
THE FOREST THE DEW ON THE OPEN GRASS SOFT RAINS AND BLUE SKIES SWEET SPRINGS WHERE HE CAN SLAKE HIS THIRST . . AND WITH ALL THAT, MORE HIGH ADVENTURE . . SUCH IS DEERSLAYER'S LIFE FOR YEARS TO COME

THE END

THE LIFE OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

James Fenimore Cooper was one of the greatest early American writers. He turned out a rich stream of exciting stories of the forest and sea that mirrored the days of Indian warfare.

Cooper was born on September 15, 1789, the eleventh child of a family of twelve children. When he was but a young child, his father, Judge William Cooper, moved his family from their home in Burlington, New Jersey, to the wilderness of undeveloped New York. There, on Otsego Lake, the Coopers built their mansion, naming it "Otsego Hall."

Judge Cooper, an aristocrat of Quaker descendancy, parceled out his vast land to settlers, thus beginning the historic village of Cooperstown, named after him. This village since has received world-wide prominence, for it was here that the first baseball diamond was laid out.

Young James passed his boyhood on the edge of the vast mysterious forest which housed Indian and animal alike, and it was here that Cooper obtained his vast knowledge and understanding of the ways of the woods. At the same time young Cooper was not neglecting his formal education. He was thirteen when he entered Yale College, where he spent three years.

Then James went into the U. S. Navy, but after serving three exciting and adventurous years on the high seas, he decided to go back to his original life . that of a farmer and frontiersman.

In 1811, James Cooper married Miss Susan DeLancey of "Heathcote Hall" in Westchester, the daughter of a rich land-holding family. The young couple lived a quiet life in Westchester County until accidentally Cooper found that he had ability as a writer of fiction.

One night, while reading a dull English novel to his wife, Cooper suddenly thrust the book aside and exclaimed that he could write a better one himself. His wife playfully challenged his remark and he decided to go through with his boast. His first novel, *Precaution*, was published in 1820. It was about English society, a subject about which Cooper knew very little, and so it was weak and dull.

However, his friends urged him to give writing another fling. He decided to write about something with which he was more familiar, and so wrote *The Spy*, whose locale was in Westchester. It was written from the stories Cooper had heard about an American spy during the Revolutionary War, and became an immediate success here and in England.

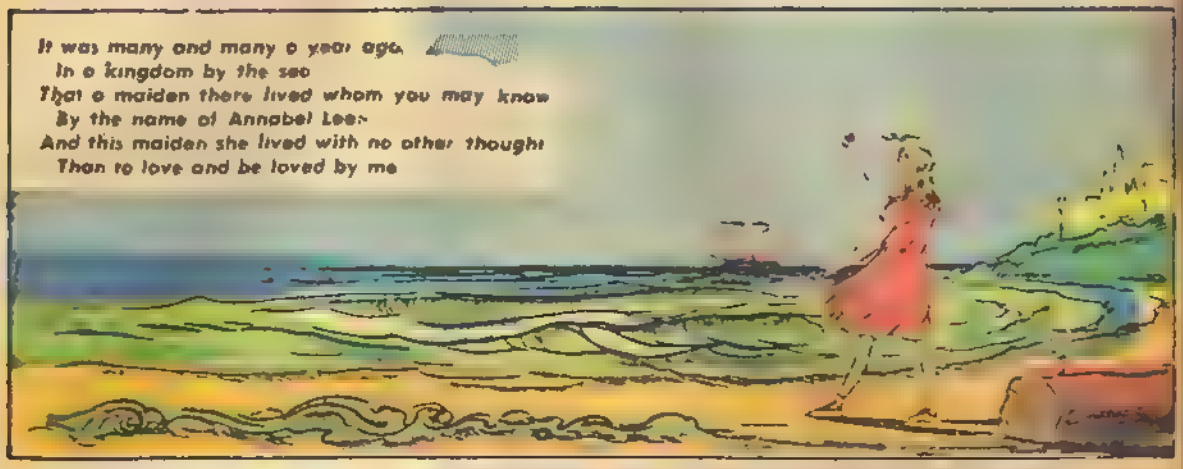
From then on Cooper devoted himself entirely to American settings for his writing. In his next novel, *The Pioneers*, he introduced Natty Bumpo, who later appeared as *Deerslayer*, *Hawkeye*, and the *Pathfinder* in the novels *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans* and *The Pathfinder*. Natty Bumpo has become one of the most celebrated characters of American fiction.

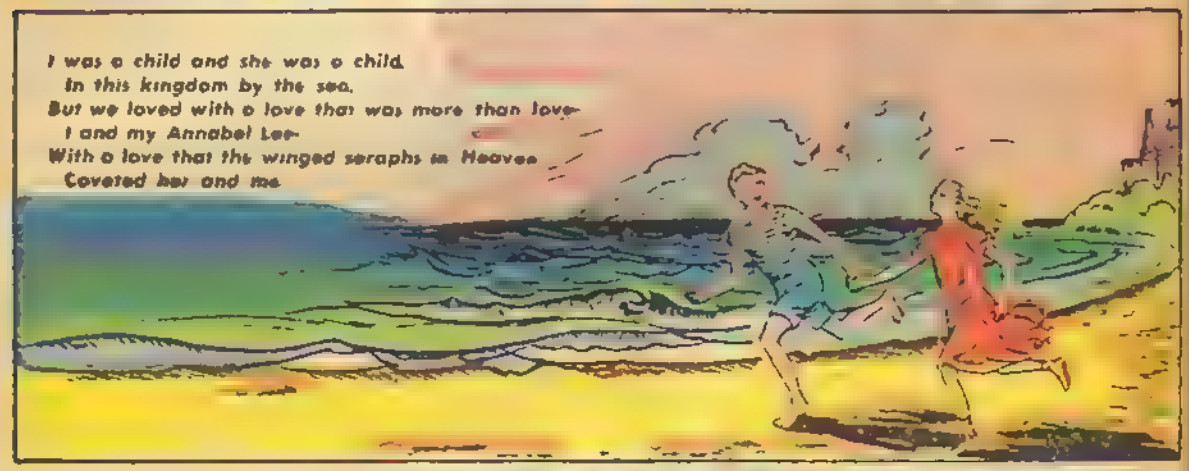
Curiously enough, *The Deerslayer*, which presents Bumpo in his youth was written one year after *The Pathfinder* (1841) which deals with him in his much later years.

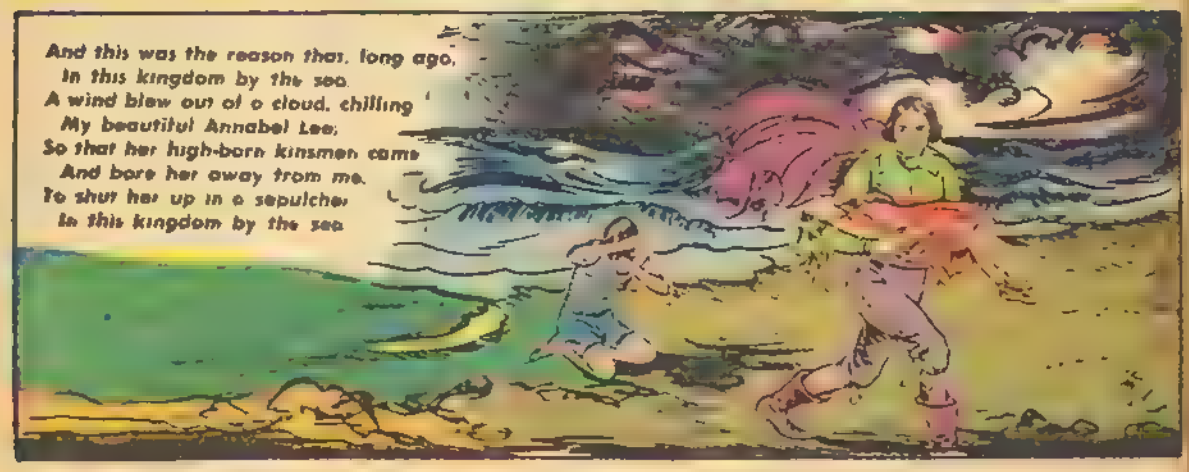
Not until Cooper's death on September 14, 1851, was the famed novelist's pen idle. His memory will live as long as the readers of the world appreciate good exciting romance and adventure.

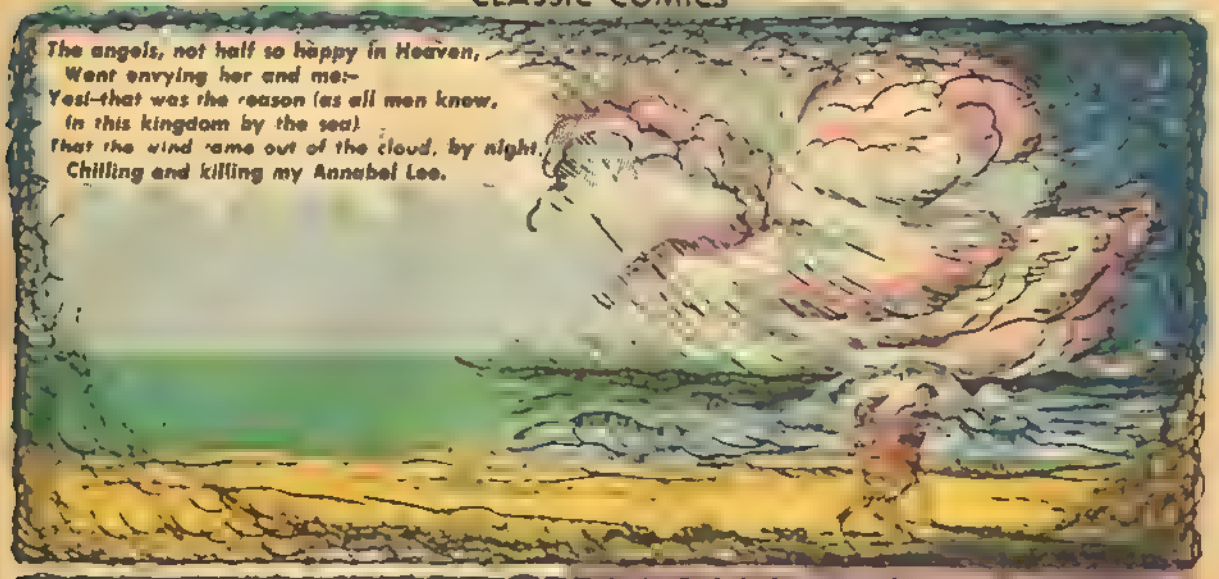
Annabel Lee

by EDGAR ALLAN POE








The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me:-
Yes!-that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud, by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we-
Of many far wiser than we-
And neither the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:-

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling,-my darling,-my life and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea-
In her tomb by the sounding sea

BOMBS . . . AND . . . SAND

MICHAEL SULLIVAN

The raid of the Ninth U. S. Air Force over Salonika was a perfect one. Much of the credit for this perfect coordination goes to the Flight Leader, Colonel Keith K. Compton.

He's a young Colonel . . Compton is . about twenty-eight He has a level, boyish voice and youthful features. But he commands the greatest respect of every man in his unit.

"I don't want any bombs outside the target area", were his orders to his men. "If we can help it, not one Greek is to be hurt . . not one Greek house wrecked or damaged."

That's how it was Military objectives received more than a quarter of a million pounds of high explosives and steel. Very few bombs fell elsewhere . . those that did were unavoidable.

In Compton's Liberator, something went wrong. The bomb-bay doors didn't open over the target. The red light that was the signal didn't flash. Compton ordered another run something unprecedented, but since opposition had been silenced, he could chance it. He specified a new altitude and a new angle of approach. This time the bomb-bay doors opened over the objective, and bombs crashed down, leaving a billowing mass of smoke, dust and flame in its path.

Back toward its African base the bomber roared. Just off the coast an enemy convoy was sighted. At the approach of the bomber the convoy of three or four large vessels swiftly scattered in a zig-zag pattern of great panic. Compton's Liberator didn't have a single bomb left. But he and his men signaled the components, position, and course of the convoy, and other Liberators did the job.

Soon, all Axis danger was past Liberators rejoined their squadrons in formations and were roaring closer to the African desert But a new danger threatened . a sandstorm

It raged over the landing field It was of such great ferocity that it seemed impossible for any bomber to make a safe landing

Compton acted fast Shooting out of the formation he made a quick approach and a quick landing, flying on instruments from about 1500 feet on down. He seemed to have a sixth sense that was able to calculate the distance between an airplane landing gear and the ground

Then Compton rushed to the control tower All the other planes were still in the sky Ambulances, fire trucks and their crews dashed onto the field ready for any casualties, as Compton with a hand microphone began talking to pilots overhead

From overhead the landing strips looked like wild sandy tornadoes. But the extremely keen-eyed Compton could see the ships.

His first orders were for them to stay in the air until the pilots felt they could land safely. Then, one by one, as each ship signaled that it was going to attempt a landing, Compton talked it in "Okay . . . you're okay . . . You got a hundred and fifty feet . . a hundred . . . come in . . . come in . . . fifty . . . twenty-five . . . " And one by one the ships landed without mishap. Doctors and nurses smiled as ambulances and fire trucks left the field as they had come. It was a great job.

Your brave boys of the Ninth U. S. Air Force salute you, Colonel Keith K. Compton!

Young Colonel Compton, we salute you!

THE LOST CHUTISTS

EDWARD GORDON

One sunrise, several days after the Sicilian invasion had begun, an advance patrol of the American 7th Army moving up a mountain road along the Pollina River, came upon two British parachutists. They were covered with bramble cuts and bruises. They were hungry, they were tired . . . and overjoyed that they had been found on a rocky wilderness terrain!

Over a good breakfast and large cups of coffee, as they jogged along in an American jeep, they told an exciting story.

In the barren hills behind Castelbuono, parachutists had dropped, unleashing themselves from the great silken umbrellas that had shot them earthward. The two Britsh chutists . . . one a Lincolnshire boy, and the other a pal of his . . . were in this chutist party. After accomplishing its mission of cutting enemy communications there, the party started toward the sea and an allied base.

They kept clear of roads, following a northeasterly ridge. But instead of coming out on the Ionian shore, they reached a rocky headland of the Tyrrhenian coast. The commanding officer knew that they were quite hopelessly lost.

But no matter how lost they were geographically, their morale had not strayed. They split up in groups and began harassing enemy communciations along the cliff-lined coast.

The Lincolnshire lad and his buddy were a team. Each night they prowled in the darkness, along the Palermo road, cutting communication lines, mining the single-track railroad, fixing booby traps. When their individual rations of cheese, biscuits and meat were gone, the men subsisted on sour white grapes.

Narrow escapes were many. The pair related how one day an Italian patrol walked right through their brier patch in the hills. Swiftly, they ducked down, crouching in the dirt. They could hear the clump of Italian boots on the slope, almost over their heads. The clumping became fainter and fainter, and the pair knew they were safe.

The only ones from whom it was impossible to escape detection were the shepherds. The hills were full of them. But the shepherds were friends. There way of life was always too peaceful to succumb to Axis life. They kept the chutists' appearance secret.

Then early one morning the pair heard the roar and crash of artillery which they identified as American . . . American artillery really four miles up the coast on Cape Raidigelbi.

During the entire next day, they were able to view, from their hill hideout, the bitter fighting between Americans and Nazis. Finally, the Germans were thoroughly routed.

It was shortly afterward that the American 7th Army found the two parachutists . . . tough boys this pair were . . . from General Montgomery's 8th Army.

They were happy to hear that the rest of the parachutist party had all been rescued and were well.

The enemy-harassing work they had all done on the coast was invaluable. They had turned their near-disaster into V.

MEDALS FOR HEROES

America has its heroes and America has its medals to award to many of its valiant . . . medals outside those given for routine faithful service. Among these are:

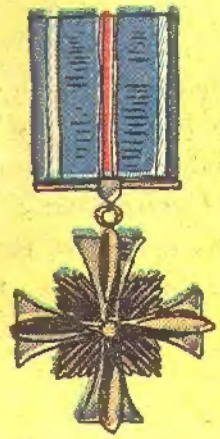
(a)

(b)

(c)

(d)

(e)



(f)

(a) The CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR is presented "for conspicuous gallantry involving the risk of life beyond the call of duty." General Douglas MacArthur is one of the most famous winners of this prized medal, having received it for the manner in which he prolonged American resistance in the Philippines . . . mainly by sheer force of heroism.

(b) The men who rode with Brigadier-General Doolittle on the epochal bombing flight to Tokyo were all recipients of the DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS, given for extraordinary heroism. Captain Colin Kelly received this medal for his single-handed sinking of a Japanese battleship after he had sent his bomber crew parachuting to safety.

(e) The NAVY CROSS, awarded for conspicuous bravery at sea, has as one of its gallant possessors . . Lieutenant John D. Bulkeley, who piloted MacArthur's PT boat on that history-making journey to Australia from Bataan. Bulkeley won the Navy Cross, not for this feat, but for sinking a record amount of enemy tonnage.

(f) Though the DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS was mainly for peacetime flying feats (Lindbergh and Byrd received it), it is revived for today's war heroes and was recently awarded posthumously to Major Stanley K. Robinson for leading four successful bombing missions in seven days against great odds of Japanese fighters. Robinson was shot down on a return from a later bombing mission.

(d) Thousands of our soldiers have won the PURPLE HEART, bestowed on those "wounded during gallant action", as well as the SILVER STAR (c) for "heroism while under fire."

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